JURASSIC PARK

by

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revised

by

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EXTREME CLOSEUP of glowing honey-colored stones. Their shapes ABSTRACT as THE CAMERA EXAMINES air bubbles and crystalline patterns.

MOVING UP AND OVER this amber abstraction, the CAMERA FINDS unusual shapes and imperfections caught in the glassy stone: flecks of dirt, hairs, cracks. STILL MOVING. STARBURSTS OF LIGHT ricochet off the different surfaces of the stones.

CAMERA TURNS along a creamy stretch of amber. IT TURNS IN DEEPER, abstracting the picture further only to find A TINY BLUR that suddenly RACKS INTO FOCUS - a bug, a mosquito lodged within an amber tomb. It is folded on its back.

SLOW MOTION as the tip of a fine-pointed drill bores into the amber toward the trapped bug. Orange flecks fly. The mosquito trembles. The drill continues, stopping just before it touches the tiny body.

A SHINY PAIR of thin needle-nose pliers reach in the borehole and extricate the mosquito remains. These are dropped on a brightly lit glass slide. A conveyor belt starts, and the slide moves along, arriving under a long-lensed microscope.

IN MICROSCOPIC PERSPECTIVE, a thin needle pierces the bug and delicately removes a fragment of tissue.

PINCERS snare the fragment, dropping it into a narrow tube. The tube SPINS, faster and faster until it is a BLUR on the screen.

THE SCREEN FLOODS with an INFRA-RED LIGHT. Gray, oval shapes rock in a neutral mist.

WASH OUT TO:

HOT SUN overhead in a BIG SKY -

EXT BADLANDS - AFTERNOON

Lodged in the cracked earth are the partially-exposed fossilized remains of A VELOCIRAPTOR, a carnivorous dinosaur. WIDEN OUT to a SWEEPING PANORAMA of a dinosaur dig, a major excavation filled with workers shoveling earth and stone, making measurements, taking photographs, scribbling notes, and conferring with each other.

The center of all this activity is one man. In a roped-off area that circumscribes the exposed bones of the raptor, is DR. ALAN GRANT, head paleontologist. Good-looking, late 30's, with a thick beard.

Grant lies on his belly, completely absorbed in a small piece of bone. A GROUP OF TWELVE STUDENTS, notebooks in hand, await his next sentence.

CLOSE ON - the tiny bone. Grant's nose touches it.

Grant brushes the bone with a toothbrush. Then he decides on a quicker way to clean it. He licks it. Excited by his discovery, he gets to his feet and addresses his students, who listen raptly.

GRANT
Right calcaneus of an adult female raptor. Mild stress fractures. What's this tell me?

Students look at each other. A tentative hand. Grant continues.

GRANT
It tells me that this bone connects to the navicula which we already found articulating to the cuboid.

OFFSCREEN, a woman SHOUTS to him.

ELLIE (off)
Dr. Grant! Dr. Grant!

Grant looks up.

DR. ELLIE SATTLER, late 20's, sharp-eyed, tough if she wants to be, runs like a gazelle across the arid land. Exuberant, she leaves a trail of dust behind her.

She zips by A STUDENT guarding the cordoned area. He tries to stop her.

STUDENT
Dr. Sattler! Dr. Grant is thinking!

Dr. Grant waves her over enthusiastically with his bone and continues.

GRANT
So, what can we say for sure? Stress fractures in the heel ...

Uncertain students. Ellie arrives and immediately gets into it.

ELLIE
She jumps.

Grant turns around to her and smiles. She's got it. Other students nod - they knew it all along.

GRANT
Right as rain, Ellie. Now, why did she jump?

No answer. Ellie gives it a try.

ELLIE
A defensive posture against a vicious, blood-thirsty T-Rex!

GRANT
(nodding)
Perhaps. Or maybe to select the smaller, more tender leaves in the higher branches with which to suckle her young?

Ellie jumps up.

ELLIE
I bet it was a mating ritual.

Students laugh. One student eyes Grant's self-conscious smile at Ellie.

GRANT
The science of paleontology can't answer these questions. Novelists and artists who dream a vision of the Jurassic period can attempt these questions with their imaginations. What we scientists can say is considering the mass and kinetic articulation of these bones, this animal had a vertical leap of about twelve feet. Not as entertaining as fiction, but absolutely fact without prejudice.

Ellie intrudes again.

ELLIE
Excuse me, Dr. Grant. But ... fact is, we're late. There's the car.

She points. On the horizon, a limousine speeds toward them, leaving a dusty wake.

Grant sets the rules for his departure, giving instructions individually as Ellie pulls him away, carrying their bags.

GRANT
Jim, you keep making up the plaster batches. Whatever ratio you're using, it's perfect. Nora, no digging after five - when the temperature drops, those bones are just too brittle. Bill, I don't want any tourists walking over my raptor - I don't care if the Governor of Montana is with them, just you guys.

Grant and Ellie continue walking. She interrupts his continued barrage.

ELLIE
You know, if every scientist stuck to his method like you, there would be no body of theory - no quasars, no big bang -

Grant stops at the sight of the stopped limo and freezes.

GRANT
Jesus, a limousine. We're re-entering Hammond's world, that's for sure. (beat) Remind me why we're doing this, Ellie.

Ellie is gentle. She's telling him something they've discussed before.

ELLIE
We're leaving the raptor dig -

GRANT
- at a critical time -

ELLIE
- because Gennaro is paying us sixty thousand dollars to observe some resort of Hammond's in Costa Rica. And that's -

GRANT
- enough money to keep us free of commercial affiliations for two summers. All right, all right. Good.

Then, half-kidding with Ellie:

GRANT
Financial independence for fraternizing with the enemy? (beat) I'll do it.

She laughs. But he can't quite leave. He grabs a computer printout from A NERDY STUDENT walking by. Grant studies the report.

GRANT
This is all you could come up with, Skip?

Skip turns the printout right-side up in Grant's hands. Grant smiles.

GRANT
Wise guy. Let's go, Ellie.

Grant and Ellie board the limo amidst many goodbyes from the students. The limo pulls away.

EXT HIGH TECH BUILDING - BIOGENETIC CORPORATION HQ - SUNSET

A purple sunset irradiates the exterior glass walls of the building.

INT BIOGEN HQ -

A peanut flies in the air. Then falls into a big open mouth. CHOMP.

MOUTH
Five hundred thousand is peanuts!

He tosses another peanut and misses his open mouth. This is DENNIS NEDRY, a 40 year old computer programmer. He's fat, with greasy hair and a permanently wrinkled suit. His slovenly looks are wildly out of place on the rich leather sofa where he reclines.

Across a gleaming granite coffee table is BILL BAKER, businessman. A smooth meticulous dresser, Baker is disgusted by Nedry's sloppy appearance and voracious consumption of food and drink.

Nedry finishes a coke. Over his shoulder is an impressive skyline view.

NEDRY
I'm not reneging. I'm re-evaluating.

Nedry holds the can of coke upside-down, drains the last drops.

NEDRY
You think I'm a scumbag, I know.

Nedry chuckles, lines up three peanuts on the table. One after the other, he throws them in the air. He gulps down two, misses one. It skids across the glossy floor.

Baker's head involuntarily cocks as he looks disgustedly at Nedry.

NEDRY
Look pal, you make a career in biogenetic industrial espionage, and you're bound to run across a scumbag or two. Guaranteed! Part of the job description. Look, who's to say, who is the real scumbag? After all, I know what you guys need so bad. I've heard of reverse engineering.

As Nedry continues he shovels nuts into his mouth and CHOMPS and SPEAKS.

NEDRY
Let the other guy put in all the work, all the R and D. You take the finished product, work backwards, breaking it down to reveal its genetic code. Presto! In a few measly months you have know-how that took researchers ten years to determine. You know how much Hammond has invested of his own personal wealth? Over five billion dollars! And if you guys get the jump on him - in no time, the market's wide-open.

Nedry starts to LAUGH as he EATS and TALKS.

NEDRY
But, boy, he's really got his product! Oh yes siree, massive, gargantuan, money-making, never-heard-of-profit-like-that product. It is a sight! Yes, indeedy!

Nedry LAUGHS explosively. He begins to choke, COUGHING and GASPING.

Baker is repulsed. He stares out the window as the sun sets.

Nedry, in true distress, clutches his own throat. He clumsily runs toward Baker, toppling chairs as he goes. Nedry grabs Baker's hand and squeezes it tightly, imploring Baker for help. Baker coolly shakes his hand loose and shoves Nedry to the floor. Baker looks down at the prone and desperate Nedry.

BAKER
Scumbag. We have a deal. That deal is not open to renegotiation. Or even re-evaluation.

Baker kneels down next to Nedry, who is beginning to turn blue.

BAKER
The deal stands. Take it or leave it.

Baker glances at his watch.

BAKER
I'll give you a few minutes to decide.

Nedry makes a superhuman effort just to nod his head. Baker nods back and SLAMS his fist into Nedry's solar plexus. It works.

Nedry sucks in a huge gulp of air. He sits up, rubbing his belly. As Baker leaves the room:

BAKER
Make sure the eggs are on that supply ship. Just make sure!

CAMERA LEAVES NEDRY and exits the window. IT SWISHPANS the concrete canyons of Wall Street and enters another office.

INT CONSERVATIVE LAW OFFICE - DAY

DONALD GENNARO, handsome, meticulously dressed, paces the highly polished, glassy corner suite. His boss, ROSS, is seated. He's a powerful black man who waves a prosthetic arm.

ROSS
We can't trust Hammond anymore. He's under too much pressure. There's the EPA, he's behind schedule, and the investors are getting nervous. There have been too many rumors, too many accidents. We can't screw around with this.

GENNARO
I've asked Hammond to arrange independent site inspections every week for the next three weeks.

ROSS
What does he say?

GENNARO
Insists nothing's wrong on the island.

ROSS
You know him. Do you believe him?

GENNARO
No, I don't. I spent a lot of time with him five years ago when we raised the capital. And it was a wild ride. He's unpredictable, a dreamer.

ROSS
Potentially dangerous. We should never have gotten involved. What's our position?

GENNARO
The firm owns five percent.

ROSS
General or limited?

GENNARO
General.

ROSS
We should have never done that.

GENNARO
It seemed wise at the time. We all wanted the park to happen. It was in lieu of fees.

ROSS
In any case, I agree an inspection is overdue. Who are your site experts?

Gennaro tosses a list on Ross' desk. He checks it out.

ROSS
Will they tell you the truth?

GENNARO
I think so. That guy Grant's a hotshot in his field, always goes his own way -

ROSS
- Good. You're making all the arrangements?

GENNARO
Hammond asked to place the calls himself. I think he wants to pretend the park is not in trouble. That it's just a social invitation, showing off his island.

ROSS
All right ... Good. But let's be very clear about one thing. I don't know how bad this situation actually is, Donald. But if there's a problem on that island - don't be afraid to screw Hammond and burn Jurassic Park to the ground.

Gennaro shakes hands awkwardly with Ross and leaves. Ross paces. Fed-up, he whispers to himself.

ROSS
Costa Rica, my ass.

He whacks his desk globe, sends its spinning.

CAMERA MOVES IN on spinning globe as we HEAR the ROTOR BLADES of a helicopter and DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT HELICOPTER IN SKY - DAWN

On the helicopter's tail is a little blue logo that reads: Isla Nublar.

INSIDE, Grant, Ellie and Gennaro are in the tight back row. Ellie dozes, her head occasionally dropping onto Grant's shoulder, to his discomfort. Gennaro looks at papers, trying not to look through the clear plexi-bubble at their feet. Next to THE PILOT, Nedry chews a candy bar. He offers candy to the back row.

Grant loses himself, looking out the window.

GRANT'S POV - the aquamarine blue of the ocean. Below the waters there are the shadows of ample marine life. Dolphins leap in the air. Suddenly the clear scene becomes obscured by clouds.

There is turbulence. Ellie wakes, glances at Grant, then out the window. There is mist and she absently traces her finger in it, shaping a dinosaur figure. Now land comes into view and for a moment, the island below them eerily fits right into her doodling.

PILOT
That's Isla Nublar. Buckle up, the descent is a little hairy.

Gennaro cinches his belt tightly and half-shuts his eyes. Nedry takes out a sandwich and cockily loosens his belt. Ellie looks every way.

ELLIE
This is exciting!

GRANT
What is, Ellie? Where are we going?

Grant looks out his window. The helicopter rushes forward, low to the water. Ahead, Grant sees the island, rugged and craggy, rising sharply from the ocean. Grant leans forward, speaking to himself.

GRANT
Looks like Alcatraz.

The pilot coughs and rubs his goggles with the back of his hand.

PILOT
There's bad wind shear on this peak.

Grant nods. Gennaro sweats, watching the pilot tighten his own belt.

Ellie smiles excitedly as the helicopter starts down. Now, A BLANKET OF FOG. Grant can't see a thing out his window. Ellie's startled.

ELLIE
How the hell is he landing this thing?

No answer. Grant dimly discerns green branches of pine trees through the mist. Some are very close. Ellie's hands grasps her seat cushion.

ELLIE
This is not fun.

Grant looks through the plexi-bubble at his feet. He sees the giant glowing fluorescent cross below. Lights FLASH at corners of the cross.

GRANT
Relax, Ellie. I'm sure they wouldn't land if it weren't safe.

The copter suddenly SHAKES violently. Ellie grabs Grant's hand. Gennaro sits straight up, eyes squeezed shut.

GRANT
Gennaro? This guy knows what he's doing, Right? Hey, Gennaro? I'm talking to you!

Another violent shake. Grant squeezes Ellie's hand back.

CLOSEUP - Nedry's hand crushes a packet of crackers.

Gennaro is soaked. He opens one eye and looks about, very frightened. He speaks a mantra.

GENNARO
No problem. Relax, relax.

The pilot whispers to himself and corrects slightly. The copter sails sharply the other way.

GRANT AND ELLIE
Whoa!!!!

CLOSE ON - the pilot jerks back the stick.

THE COPTER zooms upward. Grant's beverage flips to the ground, pours across the floor.

Nedry's lunch goes flying. Sandwich, candy, and cracker crumbs hang suspended in the air. Now it all FREE-FALLS onto Nedry's lap.

Grant and Ellie lean tightly into each other.

ELLIE
I don't like this feeling ...

The pilot swings his gaze, left then right, looking at the pine forest. Trees are close, then far, then close. The helicopter drops rapidly. Ellie and Grant shut their eyes. They brace themselves for the worst.

IN AND OUT OF THE MIST, the copter descends. Tail raised high, nose low, for a moment it looks like a strange bug-eyed prehistoric animal bucking in its pen. In a flash, it corrects itself. The copter touches down on a heli-pad. The SOUND of the rotors fades and dies.

For a second, no one moves. Grant lets out a great sigh of relief. Gennaro mouths a silent prayer. The pilot stretches his fingers.

Grant and Ellie self-consciously shake their hands free of each other. Nedry unbuckles and laughs as he brushes off his lap. He turns:

NEDRY
Just think, Gennaro -
(laughs harder)
- you gotta agree it's funny! These two, they dig up dinosaurs! It's wonderful, isn't it?

Nedry pats Grant on his shoulder.

NEDRY
Dr. Bones, you're going to love this place.

Nedry bursts out laughing again as he heads out the helicopter door.

A smile comes across Gennaro's face. As he smiles he motions with his hands he doesn't mean any harm. Grant and Ellie stare at him.

PILOT
Come on folks. Gotta get back, there's a storm alert.

ROTORS TURN. OUTSIDE, a man reaches the copter. He wears a baseball cap over short red hair and he's dressed in phony safari garb. He shakes Gennaro's hand. This is ED REGIS, 35, head of Public Relations. He throws open the copter door next to Grant. Big, cheerful smile.

REGIS
Hi! Ed Regis. Real big welcome to Isla Nublar, Dr. Grant, Dr. Sattler. Little tough landing here, I know. But you did it! Come on down, we're so happy to have you. Now, watch your step.

Ellie and Grant jump into the world of Jurassic Park.

EXT LUSH TROPICAL FOREST - MORNING

Grant takes in the beautiful tropical terrain. This place is the opposite of the Badlands. There is elaborate planting everywhere: huge, hairy ferns; exotic, spiked flowers; berries of every color; rushing vines. Peeking through the thick greenery are beautiful birds and flying squirrels. The strange, prehistoric world impresses Grant and Ellie. Even Nedry and Gennaro take in the vegetal wonder.

Then, the SOUND of men working, grunting from exertion. Ahead, Muldoon directs A GROUP OF WORKMEN. Flame-throwers roar and machetes fight back the abundant foliage. As they attack a new area, Regis waves Muldoon over. Muldoon has a pronounced limp as he walks over to join them.

ED REGIS
This is Robert Muldoon, great African big game hunter. And he's working for us now. Doing a bang-up job, too.

Muldoon rests his rifle by a tree stump and shakes with Grant and Ellie.

MULDOON
Ed's a little more BS than PR. Mr. Gennaro, nice to have you back.

Gennaro nods warmly as Muldoon limps back to work.

Regis leads on, taking Gennaro's arm and talking to him like an old friend. Nedry lumbers in the middle, alone. At the rear, Grant and Ellie study everything they see. Grant calls to Regis but is ignored.

GRANT
Mr. Regis, what is the nature of this park?

Ellie looks behind and sees cramped ferns spring out to capture the path they just walked on. She nudges Grant, who has seen the same.

ELLIE
Aggressive growth, huh?

GRANT
Hammond's trademark.

A distinct HOOTING in the distance. Then a loud TRUMPETING. Grant and Ellie stop. Nedry doesn't look up. Regis flashes his salesman's smile.

REGIS
Our animals are greeting you!

They pass a crude sign nailed to a tree: *Welcome to Jurassic Park.* Grant cringes at the sign. Ellie nudges him to loosen up.

GRANT
I hope this isn't one of those animatronic exhibits in a Jurassic botanical setting.

NEDRY
Nope.

Gennaro wipes his brow. They enter a green tunnel of over-arching palms that leads to the VISITOR'S CENTER, a modern complex in the distance.

Ellie notices a large fence hidden in the brush. She nudges Grant.

THEIR POV - CAMERA SLOWLY CLIMBS a fifteen foot high chain-link fence. The needle-spiked top of this fence cuts deep into the brush.

This fence is only a prelude.

Sprawling massively above and behind it is a thirty foot high fence. Woven throughout the fence's mesh is an intricate system of electrical wire. There is a prominent warning: DANGER! ELECTRIC FENCE: TEN THOUSAND VOLTS - KEEP OFF!

CAMERA KEEPS CLIMBING to the top: ominous barbed wire, curled into the highest growth with coiled razors glistening in the sun.

Grant strains to understand. Then quickens his step to catch the others.

They reach a clearing with an unfinished brick sidewalk and potted shade trees waiting for planting. A crosshatching of tiny lizards scamper off the walk. An empty swimming pool is being filled by A MAN with a pumper truck. Next to him, WORKERS water the large ferns.

REGIS
I hope you brought your bathing suits!
Doesn't this mist and these plants really
create a bonafide prehistoric feeling?

Regis points to a low building with glass pyramids on the roof.

REGIS
There's the Visitor's Center.

A CRANE lowers an iron grating on top of one pyramid. An animal TRUMPETS

INT VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

CLOSE ON - the iron security grating as it fits over a glass skylight. Above, MASKED WORKERS weld it on. Sparks fly.

Grant stares up at it, thinking. Footsteps echo behind him as Regis, Ellie, Gennaro, and Nedry look around the unfinished building.

The Visitor's Center is two stories high, a lot of glass with exposed girders and supports. It's incomplete: vines swing in the breeze where the back wall will go and undressed cables litter the floor. Even so, exhibit areas are in varying stages of completion. Behind, SEVERAL SPANISH WORKERS unpack masonry supplies.

GRANT
Where's Hammond?

REGIS
Mr. Hammond is dying to see you guys.

Grant strides over to an exhibit as Gennaro paces impatiently.

GENNARO
Hot, hot, hot. Ten billion bucks and the air conditioning sucks.

Regis smiles apologetically and pushes open a large window on one of the finished walls. Giant leaves and vines burst inside.

Grant studies an exhibit in progress entitled *When Dinosaurs Ruled the World*. This is a large clock that presents millions of years as hours in a single day. Many brightly colored hours are allocated to the dinosaurs. Man receives the last second of the day. Ellie joins Grant.

ELLIE
The audacity of man to get here at the last second and think he runs the show.

Grant smiles at her inexhaustible enthusiasm. He looks at a painted mural of a Raptor on one of the walls in the half-completed gift shop.

Nedry is at a coke machine, feeding it change. It doesn't work. He SLAMS his hand against it, and finally, a cup drops down the chute. Upside-down. It pours. Coke splashes Nedry. He curses and exits.

THE ROTUNDA - Ellie pulls Grant over to a raised, round display with a catwalk. In this unfinished display, a skeletal T-Rex and a Raptor are locked in combat. Scaffolding is up around it, and painting supplies are scattered all around.

Regis glances at his watch, looks up, and smiles.

At that moment, doors adjacent to the rotunda swing open automatically. A soothing female voice comes out of the public address system.

VOICE (ON P.A.)
Please come to the theater. In a moment, our film will begin.

The voice goes on to give this information in a number of languages. Regis waves everyone into the theater. Nedry doesn't join them. He climbs the stairs to the second floor.

INT SCREENING ROOM - DAY

Small and plush. Regis sits in front, full of enthusiasm. Grant and Ellie sit further behind. Gennaro stands in back and smokes.

CELESTIAL MUSIC fills the room. Mist covers and curls on the stage floor. Colored spotlights illuminate the mist in an eerie fashion. The overall effect is the touristy *Where's NY?* high-gloss production.

From the mist walks a large, energetic older man. It's JOHN HAMMOND, 70 years young, with a glint in his eye and very comfortable with his own effect. He wears a white linen suit with a red rose in the breast pocket. Like an elder Carl Sagan, he addresses the group.

HAMMOND
Welcome, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to an ancient and mysterious world, a world long before humankind inhabited it with all our remarkable dreams and questions. Enter a world that existed one hundred million years ago. When our changing earth was the abode of magnificent creations.

Today, the late twentieth century has witnessed a scientific gold rush of astonishing proportions: the headlong and furious haste to unravel the mystery of genetic engineering has become more than just a subject for science fiction writers.

ON GRANT - he whispers to Ellie.

GRANT
- the furious haste to <u>commercialize</u> genetic engineering.

BACK ON HAMMOND - he warms to his subject.

HAMMOND
Biotechnology promises the greatest revolution in human history. It will outdistance atomic power and computers in its effects on our everyday lives. We'll see square trees for easy lumbering and white trout for super visibility to fishermen. Why it will transform every aspect of human life: our medical care, our food, our health, even our very entertainment.

ON GRANT - confirmed in his thinking, he whispers again.

GRANT
Here we go.

BACK ON HAMMOND - he concludes.

HAMMOND
Nothing will ever be the same again. It's literally going to change the face of our planet as we know it.

MUSIC SOARS. Hammond smiles appreciatively, removes his rose. A screen descends behind him.

HAMMOND
... Jurassic Park. What we do here is made possible through the miracle of DNA replication, commonly known as cloning. To explain what cloning means, I'm going to need my own clone - John Hammond.

Another Hammond appears, projected on the screen beside the real one.

2ND HAMMOND
Hi, John!

HAMMOND
Hi, John.

IN THE AUDIENCE - Ellie laughs aloud. Grant, shaking his head, smiles.

BACK ON HAMMOND - The original speaks to the clone.

HAMMOND
Okay John, hold out your finger.

2ND HAMMOND
Why?

HAMMOND
I need some of your genetic material.

2ND HAMMOND
Now just a minute here, John.

HAMMOND
Your genetic material is the same in every cell of your body. You have a hundred billion cells. You won't miss a couple.

Hammond holds his rose to the screen and pricks his clone's finger with a thorn.

2ND HAMMOND
OW!!! That hurt! Hey, what's -

The clone dissolves into a cascade of blood as WE SEE a magnified view of the bloodstream. ANIMATION begins which illuminates the parts of the blood and its actions. Hammond provides voiceover for the visuals

HAMMOND
John, let's look into your blood, the river of life. There's your white cells, exquisitely evolved to clean up bodily wastes. And there's a mighty nucleus, the heart and brain of a cell. This nucleus has an amazing property. It can split in half and reproduce itself. That's how it grows. And then those two can do it again. And again. Making copy after copy of itself.

Back to the two Hammond's. Joined by a third, then a fourth, and so on, until the screen is crammed with Hammond's, elbowing each other for room.

NEW HAMMOND'S
Hi, I'm John Hammond. Hey, I'm John Hammond. No, I am. I am.

HAMMOND
Come on, that's enough of this! And I thought to reproduce myself I had to do it the old-fashioned way.

New mist fades out this show. The lights go up. Regis applauds. Grant joins in the laughter with Ellie and Gennaro.

Hammond jumps down from the stage and greets Gennaro with Regis.

HAMMOND
That's all we've got so far. A lot of fun, isn't it, Mr. Gennaro?

REGIS
You bet!

Hammond greets Grant and Ellie warmly. Then Hammond baits Grant.

HAMMOND
It's been a long time, Alan. I know the preceding was not your sort of entertainment. Popular science -

GRANT
No, I don't mind popular science. I dislike the commercialization of science. It breeds a sloppiness, a disregard for method.

HAMMOND
Well, I don't disregard method. But think of mutation - which is nothing more than sloppy communication on the cellular level. Think how triumphant mutations have been in natural selection.

Oh, but I know what you're saying. It's true that I have never been afraid to make money with science. I've always considered profit to be a measure of success, a barometer of public reaction.

GRANT
Mr. Hammond, the essential truth of a scientific law has nothing to do with public reaction. Water freezes at thirty-two degrees, whether you pay for it or not.

Hammond turns to Gennaro. Gennaro smiles nervously at their clash.

HAMMOND
Donald, in bringing my old friend, Alan Grant, you've brought an excellent critic to observe the viability of my island and our venture. I look forward to winning you over, Dr. Grant.

ELLIE
Just what is it you're trying to clone?

EXT A SPRAWLING LAWN - DAY

Outside, Hammond leads Gennaro, Grant and Ellie. He points out the staff living quarters, a group of graceful teepees. Next to their homes, WORKERS hang laundry and cook on grills.

They pass a large Mechanical Building. The generator housed within is very LOUD. The wind increases, rippling clothes.

Suddenly, the SOUND of a speeding jeep. Grant turns.

Racing across the rolling green landscape is A RED JEEP. Muldoon is at the steering wheel. Two kids bounce happily around in the open jeep. They are TIMMY, 9, and LEX, 6, brother and sister. The jeep stops.

LEX
Grandpa!

Hammond looks up, delighted. Arms open. Gennaro pulls him close.

GENNARO
(incredulous)
Mr. Hammond, this is a serious investigation of the island, not a weekend excursion or a social outing. We're talking about the safety of this place!

Hammond waves to the children.

HAMMOND
I'm aware of that. But I built this place for children. You can't investigate it without their reactions. They're what this place is all about.

Hammond beams to Grant and Ellie and indicates the running kids.

HAMMOND
My grandchildren. Genetics were kind. They're more like my ex-wife than me.

Lex jumps right into her Grandpa's arms. Timmy shyly walks up and embraces him. Hammond shines. Gennaro holds in his fury.

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS - DAY

Hammond ushers his guests into his own richly appointed baronial suite. Ellie looks out a small window at the tee-pees and the contrasting lifestyle below. She then focuses on the high fence, circling the perimeter of Hammond's quarters. Above is a skylight, with metal bars.

Grant whispers to her, indicating the obviously modified window frame.

GRANT
Who makes a window ... smaller?

Timmy smacks his forehead, points to Grant.

TIMMY
I know you. You wrote my book. *Lost World of The Dinosaurs*. It's awesome.

LEX
Timmy's got dinosaurs on the brain.

GRANT
Don't worry - he'll grow out of it.

ELLIE
Dr. Grant's embarrassed that his book was so widely successful. He wrote it for graduate students.

Hammond smiles intensely. But he's patient. He stands by a huge table covered with a sumptuous velvet drape.

HAMMOND
Although Dr. Grant suspects otherwise, this is not an ill- conceived, half-baked, poorly funded plan that I've headed. This is a plan to which I committed all of my personal resources, literally billions of dollars. And Donald Gennaro here has kindly helped me raise that sum again from wealthy Japanese. They love theme parks. I have recruited pre-eminent scientific minds from hallowed universities and we've taken the time to do things right.

Lex peeks under the cloth. Hammond smiles at her and recovers the table.

HAMMOND
Jurassic Park is the most advanced amusement park in the world. We work with genetics - life's essential building blocks - to create new worlds. I set out to make biological attractions. Living attractions. Attractions so astonishing that they'd capture the imagination of the entire world.

GRANT
What exactly do you mean ... biological attractions?

HAMMOND
As you well know, long ago, creatures ten times larger than whales roamed our adolescent Earth. And then mass, mysterious extinction created a time barrier unscalable until ... now.

BEAT.

GRANT
Yes?

HAMMOND
Dinosaurs.
(superbly proud)
I've been cloning dinosaurs!

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Grant's incredulous face.

Hammond whips off the drape, revealing a complex and detailed scale model of the entire resort.

HAMMOND
Ladies and Gentlemen, Jurassic Park. Not a resort, not a scientific conservatory, just a little piece of pre-history that every child in the whole wide world will insist on visiting.

Hammond grins with delight.

GENNARO
At least every rich child.

Grant and Ellie come forward to examine the model. The kids crowd in.

CAMERA SNORKELS through the model - revealing different enclosures with miniature dinosaurs, moats, fences, roads, a river.

HAMMOND
Apatosaurs in the lowland. Gallimimus in the grassy plain. Dilophosaurus above the river. The mighty Tyrannosaurus Rex! 238 fabulous creatures so far!

TIMMY
Real dinosaurs, Grandpa? Don't they want to just kill each other?

Hammond excitedly punches buttons - colored display grids light up.

HAMMOND
Timmy, there's electric fences and moats and video surveillance at all times. There are monitors every hundred feet wherever we could plant them on the island. A computer to tabulate it all.

ELLIE
You created dinosaurs? Who gave you the right to do that?

HAMMOND
I didn't create them. I found a way to wake them up, to stir them out of their prehistoric slumber.

GRANT
We don't have the science. There's no source of dinosaur DNA.

Hammond's proud, excited face shifts to one that divulges modestly.

HAMMOND
Yes ... there is.

INT HALLWAY, UPPER FLOOR, VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

Hammond leads Grant, Ellie, Gennaro, Timmy, and Lex out of an elevator and down an endless corridor. A WORKMAN ON CRUTCHES passes them.

They go through a series of security doors. To get them open, Hammond places his palm on a screen before each door. Each time, it lights up with an x-ray-like image of his hand and each door HISSES open.

CLOSEUP - Security x-ray of Hammond's hand. BEEP. A red line writes through the screen. Can't get in. Complaining, under his breath:

HAMMOND

Glitches.

Hammond tries again.

INT CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The door HISSES open, revealing an elaborate technology-crammed room. In dim light, clusters of computer consoles and video monitors glow.

Nedry sits in a corner at a keyboard with a pile of papers next to him, typing away. JOHN ARNOLD, 45, park supervisor, sits directing the activities of the park and chain-smoking. There are large windows looking out to the park, one of which is cracked and being replaced from the outside by A TEAM OF WORKMEN.

Hammond wears a big smile as he leads in his entourage. He's the ringmaster.

HAMMOND

And this is the right side of my brain. The entire park is safely controlled from here. John Arnold, that genius over there, is the master control operator.

(with genuine concern)

John, don't smoke so much, you're far too valuable a man to me.

ARNOLD

Oh, you'd survive just fine without me.

Arnold exhales smoke and waves good-naturedly. Nedry stares darkly at Hammond, who ignores him.

HAMMOND
Everything's controlled from here. Remote everything. Cars, feeding programs, medicine dispensers, fecal clean up - and that can be tons in a park like this. We run this place with twenty workers. This computer does it all. And it polices each and every single animal out there.

ELLIE
(whispers to Grant)
Who polices the computer?

Hammond points up. Overlooking the control room and the park is a raised platform with a huge chair, like a throne in a court. A large video screen faces this chair.

HAMMOND
That's where I will watch the astonished watchers. Okay, let's go.

They practically race as a group to keep up with Hammond. The security door seals shut, leaving Nedry and Arnold alone again.

NEDRY
Thanks for the kind words, Mr. Hammond.

ARNOLD
Come on, Dennis, he knows your technical contributions have made it all possible.

NEDRY
Right.

BACK ON HALLWAY -

Hammond and his group turn off the corridor and reach a door marked: *CAUTION: Teratogenic Substances.* Timmy backs off, grabs Lex's arm.

TIMMY
That stuff turns you into a mutant!

He contorts his face into strange shapes. As Hammond leads them all in, Lex pulls on his pocket.

HAMMOND
Don't mind the signs. They're only legal precautions.

Gennaro frowns. The door opens and Lex peeks in.

HAMMOND
My laboratory, Lex. It will be yours and Timmy's someday.

INT AMBER ROOM, LABORATORY - CONTINUING ACTION

Grant and Ellie share a baffled look. Grant shrugs.

Grant's POV - PAN ACROSS a room filled with honey-colored glowing stones arranged on glass shelves in large pull-out trays. Each stone is tagged and numbered.

Grant leans down, studying the stones. He bumps right into Gennaro. Lex jumps excitedly.

LEX
It's ... gold!

TIMMY
It's amber. Fossilized tree sap.

LEX
Grandpa found gold.

Grant shushes the kids and looks to Hammond.

HAMMOND
You're both right. Amber is our gold. The alpha of our alchemic alphabet. The precious source of our genetic material. You already know amber is the fossilized resin of prehistoric tree sap, of course.

Grant and Ellie nod impatiently. Hammond sets the scene.

HAMMOND
Imagine - millions of years ago, tree sap flowing over insects, as it does now as I speak, in thousands of forests and backyard trees everywhere. Imagine that ancient sap trapping a little struggling insect and consuming it in a syrupy death. Millions and millions of years pass and we come along and discover this prehistoric insect. If we're lucky, he's perfectly preserved in a fossil form inside the hardened sap which is now amber. And as we examine more and more amber, we find many perished insects, including among them, biting insects -

GRANT
Like mosquitos -

HAMMOND
Like mosquitos, precisely, Dr. Grant.

GRANT
Mosquitos that sucked the blood of dinosaurs. That's your source of DNA material? My God! It just might work.

INT EXTRACTION ROOM, LABORATORY

A TECHNICIAN carefully positions a piece of amber under a fine-pointed drill. With a nod, the technician's goggles drop from his forehead onto his eyes and he starts up the drill. Hammond yells over the loud WHIRR.

HAMMOND
The extraction room speaks for itself.

CLOSE ON - drillbit boring into the amber. Orange flecks fly.

GRANT
It does?

The technician shuts the drill. Placing his hands into a mounted pair of gloves, he operates an automated pair of needle-nose pliers to carefully lift out the remains of a mosquito. He drops this bug on a slide and places this slide on a tray full of such slides.

LEX
That's a million year old mosquito?

A conveyor belt starts, carrying this tray on to the NEXT TECHNICIAN. The group follows. This technician puts the first slide under a microscope. Grant watches on a video monitor as the tech inserts a long needle into the prehistoric bug.

ELLIE
Put in a piece of amber, find a mosquito, drill it out. Right?

HAMMOND
Right. You are witnessing the extraction of tissue from the thorax of this humble insect. If this mosquito has ingested any foreign red blood cells - say it bit a hadrosaur or a stegosaurus or a T-Rex - we will extract those blood cells and obtain paleo-DNA, the how-to-build instruction book of an extinct creature.

So you see, Ellie, I'm not creating dinosaurs. Fossils left behind the information, the map of how to bring them back. I'm helping them escape from the confines of time.

GRANT
But even thousands of mosquitos wouldn't give you enough tissue to determine a complete DNA strand.

HAMMOND
Right yo: are, Dr. Grant! More like hundreds of thousands of mosquitos are necessary to provide even a partial strand of DNA. And without a complete strand, we don't have a dinosaur.

INT GENETICS ROOM

A LOUD HUMMING SOUND. Along the walls are rows of waist-high stainless steel boxes. In the room's center are two six-foot-tall round towers. At a single console, a man studies a monitor.

DR. WU, 35, looks up from his study and beams at his guests. He jumps up and knocks over his cup of coffee. ASSISTANTS clean the area as Wu comes forward and actually hugs Grant, much to Grant's embarrassment.

HAMMOND
Ah, I knew you two would hit it off! Dr. Grant, this is Dr. Wu, my chief geneticist.

WU
Finally, you are here! I've been working without the encouragement of my peers for too long. Welcome, welcome!

He kisses Ellie, who takes it in stride. Gennaro, Wu already knows.

WU
Mr. Hammond never lets me publish and he's interested only in results, not in science.

HAMMOND
Don't forget to thank me when you pick up your Nobel prize.

Hammond and Wu resume the tour.

HAMMOND
You are standing in the middle of the most powerful genetics factory created since the expulsion from Eden.

WU
These are Hamachi-Hood automated gene sequencers, those are Cray YMP's, supercomputers that take DNA information and organize it. In this room, we take fragmented or incomplete DNA strands and compare them to other incomplete strands.

HAMMOND
It's like finding the missing pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

WU
The computers make several trillion calculations to provide us with a complete DNA strand - the genetic code of an extinct animal.

INT INCUBATION ROOM, LABORATORY

A vast room bathed in infrared light, filled with long tables. The first tables have rows and rows of centrifuges, each bearing dozens of test tubes. Wu leads the group.

GRANT
Okay, you have your "complete" DNA strand. How do you grow it?

WU
We use unfertilized crocodile ova as our breeding medium.

HAMMOND
Our primordial soup.

GRANT
And how do you know what it is you're growing?

Wu shrugs.

WU
Well, we have computer techniques to try and map our finds on an evolutionary basis. But mostly, we just grow it and find out what it is. If it's something we're interested in, and it survives, we keep it.

Grant and Ellie share a concerned look.

GENNARO
And if you're not interested?

Wu indicates a cabinet of chemicals with skull-and-crossbone warnings. Timmy regards the poison with excitement.

Lex calls from deeper in the room.

LEX
Come look!

Here, plastic eggs lay on the long tables, their pale outlines obscured by a grey mist that covers the tables. The eggs are all gently rocking as TECHNICIANS roam up and down the aisles.

Hammond walks ahead of the group. As Wu speaks, Hammond listens and enjoys it as though he's hearing it for the first time.

WU
This is the incubation room. We keep the temperature at ninetynine degrees and a relative humidity of one hundred percent.

GRANT AND TIMMY
Jurassic atmosphere.

Timmy smiles at Grant. Hammond winks at Timmy.

WU
We also run a high oxygen concentration, up to thirty-three percent, so if you feel faint, please tell me right away.

Lex feigns a faint, Timmy cracks a small smile. They move forward, waist-deep in the mist. A strange green light emanates from the incubators. Lex is half-consumed by the mist. She mimics the witch.

LEX
I'm ... melting!

Ellie laughs and pulls Lex close.

WU
Reptile eggs contain large amounts of yolk but no water at all. The embryos must extract water from the surrounding environment.

GRANT
That's why you create the mist.

Wu nods. Hammond just enjoys the scene as Grant and Ellie watch a thermal sensor moving from one egg to the next, touching each with a flexible wand, beeping. Lex and Timmy let their hands glide over the sides of the green glowing incubators fully awed by the strange, big eggs they hold.

WU
Children, please do not touch! The eggs are permeable to skin oils.

Grant gets very close to an egg. He sniffs it.

GRANT
What kind of eggs are these? Are these shells plastic?

WU
Yes, they are. The embryos are mechanically inserted and then hatched in this room. But we've managed to - sufficiently mimic the actual biological process - these creatures rupture the plastic membrane that they're contained in when they're born. Like real births.

They reach an endless row of incubators, lined up along the wall, beneath a viewing area like those found in an OB-GYN ward.

WU
Eggs that are determined viable spend their last couple days in our specially-designed incubators, which help accelerate the pre-natal developmental stages. Which is interesting because we're having a problem with the adult animals -

Hammond claps a hand over Wu's mouth and laughs.

HAMMOND
There's no problem Dr. Wu can't handle. Now who wants to see the real thing?

As they exit the CAMERA PANS the misty aisles, studying the eggs.

EXT VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

Blue shadows of clouds sweep across an expansive green hill in front of the Visitor's Center.

Grant and Hammond make their way down below to the loading area for the park tour. A little ahead is Gennaro and Ellie. Gennaro chatters on while Ellie energetically explores the area, looking at the plants.

GENNARO
... so naturally, Hammond's going to present everything in the best light. I need to know that this park is safe.

ELLIE
I'll tell you something that troubles me from the start. The carnivores are all well-fed and kept separated from their natural prey. That'll keep 'em alive, but it won't keep 'em happy.

GENNARO
How do you mean?

ELLIE
The carnivores will want to hunt. It's an instinct. And that instinct will have to be satisfied or suppressed.

FURTHER UP THE HILL, moving slowly, Hammond eyes the pair suspiciously.

HAMMOND
Gennaro is putting negative ideas into Ellie's head. He's a naysayer. I have no affection for that type of thinking.

GRANT
Don't worry. Ellie makes her own judgments.

At the base of the hill Timmy and Lex toss a baseball.

EXT TOUR START - DAY

The group gathers. TWO ELECTRIC CARS glide to a stop behind them. Regis leans out of the first one.

REGIS
Hey! Great day for a tour!

GENNARO
Looks like rain to me.

REGIS
No! I told the rain-god to hold it off till we got back.

The kids pile in next to Regis and explore the high-tech cars. Timmy finds a a pair of very thick, strange-looking goggles with dials on top

Grant, Ellie, and Gennaro climb in the second car.

HAMMOND
Kids, mind Mr. Regis. He's in charge now.

The cars begin to move and pass Hammond. He waves.

Gennaro looks back as the cars turn into the brush. Hammond waves.

HAMMOND
Gennaro, for once in your life, let something really move you.

In the cruiser. Gennaro rubs his neck. He turns to Grant.

GENNARO
Ever get the feeling we're just Hammond's damn guinea pigs?

GRANT
I like to wait and see.

Ellie motions ahead, with excitement and apprehension, to a huge gate. Regis and the kids wave behind to Grant, Ellie and Gennaro.

The gate's doors swing open and the cruisers move forward. The kids squeal out a YA-HOO that floats through the air to Grant. But Grant wears a cautious face, his skeptical eyes scan the landscape.

A FANFARE of trumpets and then a pre-recorded voice speaks from a console in each cruiser. Video screens display a welcome message.

PRE-RECORDED VOICE
Welcome to Jurassic Park. You are now entering the lost world of the prehistoric past, a world of mighty creatures long gone from the face of the earth, which you are privileged to see for the first time ...

Regis uses his walkie-talkie to contact Grant's cruiser.

REGIS (ON WALKIE)
That's Richard Kiley. We spared no expense.

PRE-RECORDED VOICE
We'll begin our tour today with the herbivores ...

INT/EXT CRUISERS, FIRST TOUR STOP - DAY

Between massive tree trunks, a spectacular view: storm clouds touch the mountaintops. Below, the lagoon ripples in pink crescents.

PRE-RECORDED VOICE
... and the grasses are a species of juniper, and samples can be purchased at the gift shop. Now, if everyone will take a look to the right ...

All eyes swing that way. Grant doesn't see a thing. Nor do the others.

AHEAD, Timmy pulls the binoculars out of the equipment pouch and studies the location. Lex grabs the night goggles. Timmy pulls them from her.

REGIS
Look ...

LEX AND TIMMY
I don't see anything. Do you see anything? There's nothing there.

REGIS
Something's out there ...

IN THE SECOND CAR, a fly buzzes on Grant's windshield. Grant hangs out his window almost sniffing the air for some movement. Nothing.

SUDDENLY the trees in front of them move! A deep trumpeting SOUND and TWO BRACHIOSAURS rumble away from the side of the road. The ground SHAKES as they walk, their BELLOWING fills the air. Led by Grant, the passengers rise through the open top of their Land Cruisers, to look up at the dinosaurs far above.

DROPPING FROM ABOVE, leaves and little branches shower on Grant. Utter amazement fills Grant's face, then his mouth breaks into a giant smile, then a laugh. He simply can't believe his eyes. His laugh becomes raucous and euphoric.

GRANT
Ellie! Can you imagine the excavation team seeing this!

Behind him, Ellie's whole person is awestruck, immobile. Gennaro squints, straining to make sense of this unbelievable reality.

IN THE CAR AHEAD, Lex and Timmy stare open-mouthed. Regis looks at the animal and then at the group's reverie. He smiles knowingly: he's been there, too. He bends and whispers:

REGIS
Congratulations. You're the first kids in the whole wide world ever to see real dinosaurs.

The kids look up at Regis with wonder in their eyes.

GRANT CAN'T stop laughing. Still chewing, a brachiosaur cranes down to peer at this laughing man. The brachiosaur's huge head stops inches away from Grant. Grant, awestruck, stares and then -

CLOSE ON - Grant as his eyes slowly roll back and ... he faints.

The dinosaur casually moves away as Ellie comes to Grant's aid.

ELLIE

Alan? Alan!
(sort of delighted)
He fainted!

Gennaro waves to Regis that all is okay. Grant slowly revives. He looks back at the brachiosaur, groggily, smiling away. He looks at Ellie and their eyes linger on each other longer than usual, sharing a look of serene delight.

Gennaro plops back in his seat and ponders the scene before him. A glazed look fills his face.

GENNARO

My God, we're going to make a fortune here!

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the majestic, gentle beauty of the Brachiosaurs. JUNGLE SOUNDS DOMINATE, growing louder and louder.

INT CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Hammond sits at his throne, happily watching the huge video screen which displays the tour group. He laughs raucously and calls to Arnold.

HAMMOND

He fainted. I've waited fifteen years to impress that young man.

ARNOLD

Oh Mr. Hammond, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but Muldoon needs you by the pit.

HAMMOND

Oh, balls.

INT/EXT CRUISERS, SECOND TOUR STOP - DAY

The cruisers come to a stop. In the distance, A HERD OF GALLIMIMUS graze. They stand on their hind legs to get at high palm trees, then drop gracefully down on all fours to chew. BABY GALLIMIMUS scamper around the adults, eating leaves that drop from the larger animals.

PRE-RECORDED VOICE
... Gallimimus, known as the ostrich dinosaur for the shape of its shoulders, have a very strong nesting instinct ...

Grant doesn't listen. He is simply intoxicated with the pastoral beauty of the gentle, grazing dinosaurs. Suddenly, he looks away with a deep concern. Ellie looks at him questioningly.

GRANT
Ellie? What the hell are we going to do with the rest of our lives?

Ellie smiles at him, puzzled.

ELLIE
What do you mean?

GRANT
Can't you see it, Ellie? We're the ones that are extinct now.

INT/EXT CRUISERS, THIRD TOUR STOP - DAY

PRE-RECORDED VOICE
... lots more to see in the herbivore section of our park. But as we come alongside our Jurassic jungle river to the left, let's try and catch a glimpse of a very unusual and dangerous carnivore. Look across the river and above ...

A lovely mossy clearing. And to the side, bounded just by a thicket of bushes, a precipitous drop to a tropical river, lush and clear. The river runs fast but it is narrow. On the other side is a sharp rise.

PRE-RECORDED VOICE
And there they are!

Standing on that natural pedestal and watching our tour come to a stop are TWO DILOPHOSAURUS, man-sized dinosaurs with gills that hang around their necks. Grant and Ellie chime in with the pre-recorded voice.

ALL THREE
Dilophosaurus!

Timmy and Lex point enthusiastically. Regis holds them down with a gentle but restraining arm.

PRE-RECORDED VOICE
Dilophosaurus is one of the earliest carnivores. Scientists once thought their jaw muscles were too weak to kill, but now, through the miracle of their cloning, we know Dilophosaurs spit venom, a poison which causes blindness and then unconsciousness.

Their distinctive HOOT drifts across the afternoon air.

GENNARO
Poisonous dinosaurs, there's a liability issue without a lot of precedent.

CLOSEUPS of the nearly motionless Dilophosaurus. One yawns wide.

GRANT
(assessing)
It's like a Gila monster or a cobra. It's a poison ...

ELLIE
Spitter!

The Spitters bound off as Grant watches, transfixed. A flock of birds burst from a tree and cross the sky. Trees filter the light.

ELLIE
Are we dreaming all this?

EXT RAPTOR PIT - DAY

A big hole in the ground, covered with a thick wire mesh. Suddenly, a dark claw pushes against the wire web. A SHOWER OF SPARKS. A SCREECH from the animal. It drops back down with a thud. Below, dark shadows of animals GROWL and SNARL. An animal slams its face into the mesh. SPARKS illuminate a set of RAZOR-SHARP TEETH.

Muldoon stands next to the pit, carefully loading an assault rifle. Hammond comes in a hurry. Muldoon sees Hammond and puts down the rifle. He walks to Hammond, talking before he gets there.

MULDOON
These raptors are too damn dangerous. One of them tunneled out this morning. He ripped a boy's arm off before I could get a bullet in him.

HAMMOND
A bullet? Muldoon - no! Now what? I have five left?

MULDOON
John, they're mean as scorpions and smart as chimps. Their little fingers make them natural cage-breakers. We should terminate the raptor program. They're just too smart. Too damn smart.

HAMMOND
Oh balls. I will not terminate the raptors just because they're behaving normally. They're hunters. Why can't we contain them properly?

Hammond starts to walk away. Muldoon follows, he's not finished at all.

MULDOON
John, remember back in '88, when we started to build the containment devices? We ordered cattle prods, tasers, guns that blow out electric nets. They're all too slow for these guys. If we're going to keep the raptors, I want TOW missiles and laser-guided devices.

Hammond laughs warmly. He pats Muldoon on the back.

HAMMOND
It's just a zoo, Muldoon. A zoo. Figure out a way to contain them. And we'll sit down and have a nice long discussion about raptors - <u>after</u> my guests leave, okay?

Hammond walks away. Muldoon stares after him, jingling keys in his hand. Muldoon limps over to A WORKER.

MULDOON
Okay! Get a 'dozer, start digging round the pit. We're gonna bury some fence. And wear your rifle when you're working!

INT CONTROL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Hammond enters and crosses to his throne. Hammond swivels to Arnold who exhales smoke. Nedry looks over, keeps typing.

HAMMOND
Where are they? Punch 'em up.

ARNOLD
They'll be by the trike's in a moment. Trike's sick again.

HAMMOND
How can you say it so matter-of-factly? The trike's. You casually accept it, but I never can. You know what it means when you say "by the trikes"? "By the trike's" means that they're out there by the species: *triceratops horridus*. It astounds me every time what I've done here. What magic, what alchemy. We turned a piece of a rock into a dinosaur. I will never be complacent about that.

Arnold smiles and punches a button. WE HEAR the pre-recorded tour voice and some chatter of the kids.

EAVESDROPPING on the tour IS INTERRUPTED by a radio transmission to the control room. Arnold slides over and shuts off the tour monitoring. The picture on the video screen is now of a cargo boat at a dock.

RADIO
Hello, John. This is the Anne B at the dock. I'm looking at the storm patterns just south of us. Requesting permission to leave before unloading the last three food containers.

Nedry looks up quickly, listening carefully.

RADIO
Don't want to be stuck here if this chop gets much worse.

Hammond reacts with quiet dismay. Nedry quietly gets up.

NEDRY
Coffee, anyone?

He's ignored. Arnold defers to Hammond who leans to the microphone.

HAMMOND
Hello skipper, John Hammond, how are you tonight? I certainly don't want to imperil anyone. But can you give us one more container of food? Then we'll feel comfortable if the storm delays your return. Could you help us out here? Of course, if it looks too choppy just go, but you'd be doing us a big favor.

RADIO
Well ... we'll do our best, sir. We'll get one more container off. How's that?

Hammond thanks him and signs off. Arnold looks at the darkening clouds.

INT/EXT CRUISERS, FOURTH TOUR STOP - LATE AFTERNOON

The cars twist through dense vegetation with a GRINDING of gears. The first car comes to a jerky stop.

There is a huge TRICERATOPS lying on its side, moving very slowly, breathing laboriously. HARDING, the tall, balding park vet, kneels on the ground. He peers into the animal's mouth with a large flashlight.

Before the second car can stop completely, Grant leaps out, races to the trike. Regis tries to restrain the kids but they chase Grant and Ellie.

Grant joins Harding on the ground. The trike lets out a low MOAN. She's too sick to move. Ellie and Lex squat by the animal.

LEX
I feel so sorry for her. She's so sick.

VET
We don't know what's wrong with Freda. Every six weeks she gets like this.

REGIS
Oh, she'll be up and around in no time. After a big night, I feel the same way.

Grant very gently opens the Trike's mouth.

GRANT
Poor girl. What's the matter? Ellie, look at this.

A dark purple tongue droops limply from her mouth. Ellie shines the light on it, illuminating silvery blisters. Gennaro turns away.

ELLIE
Microvesicles. Interesting.

Grant scratches one of the blisters with his ball-point pen. It oozes. The kids share a grossed-out look.

LEX
Doesn't she have a mommy and a daddy?

HARDING
We make these dinosaurs in the lab, sweetheart. But they do form attachments. Freda has a little one that follows her around, thinks Freda's his mom.

Grant starts to look around.

ELLIE
What does she eat? Where does she feed?

HARDING
Animal this size takes in a minimum of six hundred pounds of plants a day. We truck in hay and meadow grasses seven times a day. That's all she touches.

Grant studies the nearby grass and bushes. Timmy quietly follows Grant.

Ellie lifts a huge eyelid on the triceratops. A runny eye just stares.

Grant comes up triumphantly with a bouquet of weeds clutched in his hand. These weeds have little purple berries. Ellie looks over.

ELLIE
West Indian Lilacs!

GRANT
These'd give anybody a stomachache.

HARDING
I'm telling you, the animals don't eat don't eat that stuff.

Regis keeps a babysitter's eye on the kids. Timmy comes up with a handful of smooth stones. He approaches Grant shyly.

TIMMY
Dr. Grant, sir? How 'bout these? There's lots of little piles of these.

Grant fingers one distractedly, then suddenly comes to attention.

GRANT
Hey, Ellie, take a look at this. Good work, Timmy.

Ellie gets up, brushes herself off, comes over and examines the stone.

ELLIE
Extremely smooth. Purple stains, could be those lilac berries.

She and Grant smile at each other and nod. Gennaro is curious.

HARDING
I don't get it.

GRANT
Looks like your trike swallows stones to help her digest her food. Walking around, she crushes berries against the stones. And even just a little crushed berry is eventually enough.

ELLIE
So, she poisons herself periodically.

HARDING
But we tested her saliva for any trace of -

GRANT
But with the stones, she swallows them and probably bypasses any mucosal contact. Straight to the stomach. I would test her excrement.

LEX
Yo, yuk!

A light RAIN begins. Automatically, with a soft hiss, the glass roofs of the cruisers slide shut. Gennaro taps Regis and indicates the cars.

GENNARO
Hey Regis, where are your rain gods? It's gonna pour. Let's finish our tour.

Grant agrees, heads for the cruisers. He turns and looks for Ellie. Ellie stands by the Trike. She gives Grant a meaningful look.

ELLIE
I'm staying.

Grant smiles at her dedication.

GRANT
Soil samples?

ELLIE
You read my mind.
(confidentially)
I think she's sicker then they're saying. Her skin is dry and flaky. And her gums are pale. I'm going to talk to Dr. Wu.

GRANT
Good idea. I'll keep my eyes open.

Gennaro climbs in with Grant. The two cruisers start off and Timmy turns backward to stare wistfully at Grant. Regis and Lex wave to the Trike. Grant looks back to Ellie who has already begun to work.

ON TRIKE - a mosquito lands on its back. The trike's tail slaps it dead.

INT MACHINE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

With difficulty, Nedry shoves his large body down the crawl space behind a large rack of electronic equipment. He stops and uses a suction cup device to lift a section of the tiled floor. He gropes among cables and pulls out a small wireless radio. He transmits:

NEDRY (INTO RADIO)
Jim, what the hell's with you ... I know a storm's coming, I can't ... it's all so tightly planned ... that's not enough ... ok, twenty minutes, I'll be there. Damn!

Nedry returns the radio to its hiding place. He sucks in his gut to make the crawl out of the narrow space.

INT/EXT CRUISERS, T-REX FEEDING AREA - DUSK

The cruisers stop on the rise of a hill. They overlook a forested area, sloping down to the edge of the lagoon.

TOUR
The mighty T-Rex arose late in dinosaur history. Dinosaurs ruled the earth for a hundred and twenty million years, but there were tyrannosaurs for only the last fifteen million years of that period ...

Farther south, they see the graceful necks of the brachiosaurs standing at the water's edge. Their bodies, mirrored in the moving surface, break apart with the continuing drops of rain. Heat lightning rhythmically pulses the sky. All is quiet except for the soft drone of cicadas, and the tapping of light rain.

Regis calls Grant on the walkie-talkie.

REGIS (TO WALKIE)
You know, Dr. Grant, Hammond likes to come here in the evening and just sit.

GRANT (OVER WALKIE)
Where is the T-Rex?

REGIS (TO WALKIE)
Good question.

ON GRANT - as he takes that in, nodding to himself. Studies the land.

GRANT
Maybe she's down hunting apatosaurs.

OVER WALKIE - Regis laughs, his voice tinny over the radio.

REGIS (OVER WALKIE)
Would if she could, believe me. Sometimes she stands by the lagoon and stares at those animals, and wiggles those little forearms of hers in frustration. But the T-Rex territory is completely enclosed with trenches and fences. Believe me, she can't go anywhere.

GRANT
Then where is she?

They hear A SOFT BLEATING. In the center of the field, a small cage rises into view, lifted on hydraulics from underground. The cage bars slide down. A GOAT remains tethered in the field, BLEATING plaintively.

The tour group stares out their windows, expectantly.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

Hammond, pleased, watches the giant screen that displays the tour group. Muldoon limps into the control room. Arnold looks over.

MULDOON
Just checking in. Everything ok?

HAMMOND
Look at them. Leaning out the windows, so eager. They can't wait to see it. They have come for the danger.

MULDOON
That's what I'm afraid of.

Muldoon twirls the keys on his fingers and watches the land cruisers.

BACK ON CRUISERS, T-REX FEEDING AREA -

Grant watches quietly.

The BLEATING becomes louder, more insistent. The goat tugs frantically at its tether, racing back and forth, kicking.

LEX
What's going to happen to the goat? Is the T-Rex gonna come eat the goat?

Grant senses something. He sits straight up. Looks out intently.

GRANT
He's here.

The goat is tethered in the middle of the field, thirty yards from the nearest tree. Grant scans the tree for the T-Rex.

The goat senses something too. It struggles and strains, bleating frantically. Suddenly the mechanical SOUND of the cage coming up. Its bars surround the goat with safety once again.

REGIS
Looks like the Rex will have its snack a little later today.

RECORDED VOICE
The sensors don't see the Rex around. She usually comes within five minutes of hearing dinner. If she doesn't, that means she's sleeping - we might have access to her at the picnic area.

Lex and Timmy let out a sigh of relief. The tension is gone.

LEX
I didn't want to see him get eaten. I liked the goat.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

Hammond studies the large video monitor. He watches Grant and Gennaro. Their voices are heard in the control room.

GENNARO (MONITORED)
What if a carnivore got out?

GRANT (MONITORED)
There'd be no stopping it. Huge, with no natural enemies, and a suppressed hunting instinct.

Hammond glares. Arnold, aware, shuts off the screen.

HAMMOND
Damn those people. They are so negative.

ARNOLD
It's natural. They can't fully appreciate that we've engineered the animals and the park for total safety.

HAMMOND
They comb this island like a bunch of accountants. They don't experience the wonder, the awe of it all.

ARNOLD
You can't make people experience wonder.

Hammond gets up and stands before the big windows overlooking the park. The Quartz FLOODLIGHTS outside their area COME ON with a rosy glow and the dark jungle is opened again to their inspection.

At his console, Nedry looks at Hammond. Hammond stares out the window. The PARK PICKS UP and bounces off the window. Hammond speaks to Arnold without turning.

HAMMOND
It's like the Garden of Eden out there. This is the most beautiful time of day.

ARNOLD
Better rout the tour back. They can start again sun-up tomorrow morning.

HAMMOND
Yup. Call the kitchen. Those kids'll be hungry when they get in.

Arnold picks up the phone. STATIC. He glances over at Nedry.

NEDRY
Sorry 'bout that. I've taken all the lines to upload some data.

Hammond's annoyed, but contains it. Arnold looks at Nedry, who smiles.

NEDRY
I'll clear a couple of lines for you at the end of the next transmission, sir. Here you go now, this will make it all better, Mr Hammond.

Nedry punches in a code.

CLOSE ON - Nedry's fat finger punching a last key.

CLOSE ON - amber video display terminal as a countdown begins.

As the screen counts down from ten to zero, Nedry peers at Hammond with a steely glint in his eyes.

BACK ON SCREEN - three, two, one, the countdown hits zero.

Nedry's data-filled screen blinks off. Nedry looks up to the rack of monitors. Unnoticed by Hammond or Arnold two more monitors go blank. Then a third one.

BACK ON CRUISERS, REST AREA - NIGHT

The electric cars turn up into a scenic area high above the rest of the park. HUGE QUARTZ LIGHTS REVEAL a dramatic view down to the ocean. There the supply ship, the ANNE B, unloads its last crates.

RAIN INCREASES. On the other side of the road are picnic tables, an unfinished snack bar and rest rooms. To the side of this rest area is a view of the interior of the island. A guard-rail separates visitors from the precipitous, wooded drop.

To the other side of the rest area is a concrete moat and in the back of this is a tall, electrified fence. Surrounding the electric fence is a smaller protective fence.

PRE-RECORDED VOICE
... enjoy a healthy snack. This is also a good time to ...

LEX
Hey, is that bathroom working?

REGIS
Sure.
(he uses his walkie)
Rest stop.

The kids take off towards the bathroom, running through the rain. Grant gets out of his cruiser, strides to Regis. He indicates the fence.

GRANT
Is that still the T-Rex paddock?

REGIS
Yes. But she never comes here. I don't know why not. Probably too much construction.

GENNARO, jacket over his head against the rain, looks down to the ocean.

GENNARO'S POV - THE ANNE B UNLOADS her last cargo crate.

GRANT LOOKS at the concrete moat. Studies its deep curve. He looks up at the tall electrical fence with its 10,000 volt warning. He sees conventional power lines on the opposite side of the road.

CAMERA EXAMINES the empty cruisers. Inside, the pre-recorded voice is chatting on. It slows eerily and stops. Video SCREENS BLINK OUT.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

Nedry yawns loudly.

NEDRY
Yup! Looks like a never-ending weekend for me. I'm gonna get a Diet Coke. Don't touch my console, ok? Lines will be clear in five minutes.

Nedry leaves. Hammond swings around and growls under his breath.

HAMMOND
Slob!

ARNOLD
Well, at least he knows what he's doing.

INT UPPER FLOOR, VISITOR'S CENTER - NIGHT

Nedry races through the series of security doors. He ignores the security x-ray device and just SHOVES each door open with his hand.

BACK ON CRUISERS, REST AREA -

THE QUARTZ LIGHTS GO OUT, leaving the group in shadowy darkness and now STEADY RAIN. There's a ripple of surprise from the group. Regis rounds them all up and directs them back into the cruisers.

REGIS
Everything's just fine. It's a temporary glitch due to the rain. No doubt, they're going to re-rout some circuits back at the mainframe. We'll have the power back on in moments. Let's get back in the cruisers, they may start up, and I'd like us all to be seated in them.

The cruiser's are STILL. IN THE REAR CRUISER, Gennaro turns to Grant.

GENNARO
I knew we shouldn't have kids here.

A vivid FLASH of LIGHTNING. IN THE FIRST CAR: Lex covers her eyes. Then she looks up at Reis with a frightful face.

LEX
Mr. Regis, are dinosaurs ... nocturnal?

REGIS
No, darling, of course not.

LEX
Mr. Regis? What's ... nocturnal?

Another LIGHTNING FLASH. Lex cries. Regis comforts her.

REGIS
Don't you worry about dinosaurs. They're all very safe in their paddocks just like animals in a big, strong zoo. They're not going anywhere we don't tell them to go.

Timmy looks out the window excitedly.

INT INCUBATION ROOM, LABORATORY - NIGHT

All those eggs on tables. No moving sensors. Nedry pulls a portable incubator away from the dozens lined up against the wall. Its electrical cord goes flying. Furiously, Nedry fills the incubator with eggs, one after the other.

NEDRY
Okay, little ones! Here we go!

Nedry grabs the handles of the incubator and runs with it. The incubator careens on one wheel as he turns the corner and exits.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

Hammond looks out the large windows as the LIGHTS EXTINGUISH. He twirls.

HAMMOND
What's going on, Arnold? I want those lights on. I don't want my grandchildren scared.

ARNOLD
Jesus, the computer's gone down.

HAMMOND
Well, I want the computer up. This is the wrong weekend for glitches.

Arnold still examines his console. He looks out with worry.

ARNOLD
That's not the worst of it.

HAMMOND
Oh yeah? Please tell me what's worse than the lights going out?

Wu smashes through the door.

WU
All the security doors are open. Someone has been in my laboratory and the eggs have been disturbed.

The camera pushes in on Hammond's face.

HAMMOND
Where the hell is Nedry? Where is he? Did anybody check the damn john?

Hammond storms out.

INT CORRIDOR, VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTINUING ACTION

Hammond enters the hall. Muldoon, racing from the other direction, yells

MULDOON
John, the generator's shut down. Who cut the power?

HAMMOND
Arnold's on it. You go out and bring back the tour right away. I don't need any of this!

Muldoon is already running back the way he came.

INT GARAGE - NIGHT

Several electric land cruisers are stored in this shadowy room. There is a glassed-in area where Muldoon's weapons are stored: assault rifles, tasers, tear gas cannisters.

To the side of the garage is Muldoon's red jeep. In the passenger side of the front seat is a rocket launcher.

Nedry storms in, wheeling his incubator. He stops suddenly and listens. Approaching FOOTSTEPS.

NEDRY
Oh, shit!

INT BASEMENT STAIRS, VISITOR'S CENTER-

Muldoon runs down a long corridor, stops with a skid and yanks open the door to the garage. He runs down. His boots RESOUND on the concrete.

BACK ON - NEDRY'S PANICKED FACE as he listens to the footsteps. Wheezing, with great difficulty, Nedry bends his knees and strains. With everything he's got, he lifts the incubator waist-height. And holds it.

BACK ON MULDOON - Muldoon's footsteps ECHO as they come closer and closer to the garage. Muldoon whips down the curve in the stairs. His jacket catches on an incomplete section of banister. Yanks him to a stop.

CLOSE ON - Muldoon's jacket as it RIPS, stays caught.

BACK ON - NEDRY as he tries to heave higher, can't. Beads of sweat roll down his brow.

MULDOON FREES HIS caught jacket and then keeps going.

Nedry's face drips with sweat. The incubator slips out of his sweaty palms. Catches it with his knee. Nedry curses and with one forceful boost, he lifts the incubator shoulder height.

CLOSE ON - Muldoon's feet on long stairwell. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

NERVOUS, NEDRY BREATHES in a labored fashion. He looks this way and that. He closes his eyes and with one superhuman effort, he heaves the incubator into the back seat of the red jeep. Nedry exhales.

At that moment, MULDOON ENTERS the vestibule between stairs and garage.

NEDRY EYES the shadowy figure in the vestibule. Nedry's frightened face.

MULDOON STOPS and reaches in his belt. He pulls out his pistol. He takes out long, shiny cartridges. He loads the pistol.

NEDRY LEAPS in the front of the jeep, pushing aside the rocket launcher, and zooms into the night.

A moment later, Muldoon enters the garage. He sniffs at the exhaust that still hangs in the air. He looks over and is surprised to see his jeep gone. He bends and inspects fresh tread marks. He looks up, his face straining to understand.

EXT PARK ROAD - NIGHT

Nedry's red jeep flies down the park road.

CLOSE ON - Nedry's wheel as he turns it.

His tires skid sideways, then regain traction. The jeep bolts up a smaller access road. He skids to a stop at the top of the hill.

Nedry jumps out and looks up. His high beams illuminate a huge electric fence prominently labeled: DANGER! 10,000 Volts!

Two safety fences separate Nedry from the electric fence. He races to the first one, pulls out a key chain. He tries one key, then another, and another. It fits. Nedry unlocks the gate, swings open the door.

Nedry runs to the second gate. He slips in the mud. He slides to the ground, dropping keys in a muddy pool.

CLOSE ON - Nedry's hand frantically fishing for the key chain in the muddy water. Got them! Unlocks the second gate.

He races to the electric fence. RAIN PELTS him now. Water beads on his face. Lightning flashes on the 10,000 volts warning.

He grabs the gate with his bare hand and swings it open.

Nedry heads back to his jeep, his fat body strobed by its high beams. He jumps in the jeep and drives through. Behind him, the open gates move recklessly in the stormy night.

BACK ON GARAGE -

Ellie and Harding pull in, in their own gas-powered jeep. Muldoon is waiting for them. Now there's a rifle slung over his shoulder. Harding jumps out of the jeep.

MULDOON
Get out, get out! I need this jeep. There's a problem with the tour. Ellie, Hammond'll fill you in.

Ellie is concerned, then decisive.

ELLIE
No! I'm going with you, Muldoon.

They race out.

EXT DOCK - NIGHT

Headlights blazing in the darkness, Nedry's jeep skids to a stop by the dock where the ANNE B is preparing to leave. The water is very choppy.

Nedry jumps out and pulls his incubator to the ground. He begins to drag it through the mud, toward the ship. CAPTAIN FARRELL comes to meet him, along with A COUPLE MEN, who hoist the incubator easily and carry it toward the ship.

CAPTAIN FARRELL
Good. Glad to see you. Were you seen?

NEDRY
Nah. I'm back in five minutes, they'll never know I was gone.
(yells after the men with the incubator)
Careful with that thing! It's worth more than the ship.
(to the Captain)
When's the copter meeting you?

CAPTAIN FARRELL
It's not. The storm's coast-to-coast, nobody could land on the water.

NEDRY
(totally panicked)
Shit! What's the backup? I don't like this. Maybe we should do it another time, I don't like it. I just don't like -

CAPTAIN FARRELL
Shhh! I wired Baker, he'll have a man at the dock in Puntaremas. We should be able to make that in time.

NEDRY
(somewhat relieved)
Ten hours?

CAPTAIN FARRELL
Yeah, now relax. I got a lot riding on this too, you know. No one's going to mess up now. Baker's not going to mess up. His people won't let him.

NEDRY
Ok. Ok. Here.

Nedry pulls an aerosol can out of the baggy crotch of his pants.

NEDRY
Look, this is insulating spray.

CLOSE ON - Nedry sprays a big mound of white foam into his hand.

NEDRY
In about eight hours, spray down all the eggs with this stuff. It'll keep 'em warm but not too warm. I hope Baker has it together with the dock.

BACK ON CRUISERS, REST AREA -

Rain drums down on the cruiser. Timmy stares out at the dark. Lex stares nervously out the side window. Timmy picks up the night goggles and snaps them on.

TIMMY
Hey, these things work great. I can see in the dark and I can see far.

He swivels away from the T-Rex paddock and looks out toward the ocean. He reaches up and adjusts the knob.

TIMMY
Hey! I wonder if that boat's still there? It is. I think they're getting ready to go.

TIM'S POV - the fluorescent green image of men untying casting lines on the boat.

Another LIGHTNING FLASH and Lex SCREAMS and covers her face. She cries.

REGIS
Timmy, can you give her the goggles?

Lex clamps her hands over her eyes. Timmy gently nudges her.

TIMMY
Want to look at the boat, Lex?

Timmy hands her the night goggles. Lex dries her eyes and takes a peek with the goggles toward the ocean.

LEX
Hey, that fat guy's down there. Is he gonna come get us and take us to Grandpa?

LEX'S POV - the picture streaks but clearly reveals Nedry shouting at the Captain. Men heave the incubator onto the ship.

LEX
They have one of those things from the room with all the eggs - you know, where they help the baby eggs grow up.

TIMMY
You mean an incubator?

GRANT (ON WALKIE)
What's the commotion?

REGIS
Let me see. Give them to me, sweetheart.

TIMMY (TO WALKIE)
Uh, Dr. Grant.

REGIS GRABS the walkie talkie and tries to silence Timmy. He knows he gets there too late and reluctantly lets Timmy have it back.

TIMMY
We saw that computer guy helping 'em load an incubator onto the ship.

LEX (TO WALKIE)
Yeah, he's stealing them, Dr. Grant! He's stealing my Grandpa's eggs!

GRANT (ON WALKIE)
Nedry? With an incubator? Regis??

REGIS (TO WALKIE)
(finally acknowledges)
That's what they saw.

ON GRANT - He looks sharply at Gennaro.

GRANT (TO WALKIE)
We gotta tell Hammond and Arnold right away. How far is it to the mainland?

ON TIMMY - He looks at Regis.

REGIS (TO WALKIE)
Uh, it's a hundred miles to Puntaremas. About a sixteen hour voyage in this weather.

ON GRANT - He fiddles with the radio in his cruiser. No response still.

GRANT
I wouldn't like to see dinosaurs running around Costa Rica.

GENNARO
When's that damn power coming on?

INT/EXT MULDOON'S JEEP, OTHER BACK ROADS -

Muldoon and Ellie drive into the storm. Suddenly, he slams on his brakes. In front of him, a tree has fallen, completely blocking the road. Muldoon curses, swerves around, and skids to a stop.

As Muldoon gets out and assesses the situation, Ellie lodges herself between the tree and the jeep. She pushes the tree with her strong legs and moves it a good five feet. Quickly, Muldoon and Ellie drag the tree. As they struggle:

MULDOON
Strong legs.

ELLIE
Lot of track in college.

BACK ON CRUISERS, REST AREA -

IN THE FIRST CAR, Regis drums his fingers on the dashboard. Timmy wears his goggles and stares into the rain. Lex shifts her body around, trying to get comfortable to rest.

LEX
I'm hungry. When can we get going?

REGIS
When the electricity comes back on, honey. These cars run on electric cables buried in the road.

IN THE SECOND CAR, Grant tries the radio to no avail. Gennaro smokes. Grant looks forward toward the first cruiser. He can barely make out the car in the dark and rain. Occasionally, LIGHTNING reveals all.

TIMMY PULLS GUM out of his pocket. Feels a tiny shake, looks around. He puts it in his mouth, chewing quietly. SUDDENLY, the whole car VIBRATES. Regis' sunglasses jump off the dashboard and fall to the floor. The kids look at him.

REGIS
Must be turning on the electricity.

Lex sits up, looks around groggily.

LEX
Feels like a vibration.

INT T-REX PADDOCK - NIGHT

The T-Rex's huge hind feet crash down, one large foot following after the other in long, powerful strides.

BACK ON CRUISERS, REST AREA - FIRST CRUISER

There is a thud, and then a THUD, and then a THUD. Tim and Lex share a frightened look. Now the thud grows LOUDER. There is a CRASHING SOUND, the whole cruiser SHAKES. Then silence. Then another SHAKE.

CAMERA PUSHES IN TILL CLOSE - Timmy stares out with his night goggles.

TIM'S NIGHTSCOPE POV IS CLOSE - T-Rex paws rest on the electric fence.

Tim takes off his goggles, stares, transfixed. Regis picks them up.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - of muscular forepaws with pebbled, grainy skin and [illegible], curved nails comfortably gripping a thick wire strand.

The T-Rex moves his body forward of the brush, pushes against the fence.

IN THE SECOND CRUISER -

Grant and Gennaro stare out, unseeing in the rain and darkness.

CLOSE ON LEX -

Tears roll down her cheek. She cries silently with an unknown fear. Regis pulls the goggles from his eyes, starts to gag, checks it.

REGIS

Jesus Christ.

LEX

Bad language.

REGIS

Jesus Christ. The fence isn't electrified.

LEX

Is that bad?

Regis turns, looks out the side window, away from the T-Rex.

Regis is shaking uncontrollably. Suddenly he throws open his door and bolts off into the rain, leaving the door open. No move from the Rex.

Regis races by the second cruiser. Grant stares out at him.

TIM

Mr. Regis! Mr. Regis, where are you going?

LEX

He just left us. He just left us all alone. Timmy, Timmy how could he do that? We're all alone! We're all alone!

FLASH OF LIGHTNING. FLASH. The Rex butts his head.

TIM'S POV - The fence bangs down on top of his cruiser.

Timmy and Lex recoil from the scrape of the wire mesh against the car.

IN THE SECOND CRUISER -

GRANT AND GENNARO'S POV - through the almost obscuring rain they see the fallen fence. An unseen weight pulls on it further, causing its electric wire to pop like over-tuned guitar strings.

TIMMY REACHES -

out into the rain for the open door handle.

Another LIGHTNING FLASH and the creature is revealed standing between the two cruisers, atop the crushed fence. His head turns back and forth, he's deciding on his prey. Grant and Gennaro or Tim and Lex?

Timmy slams the door shut. He looks directly at the Rex, just a few feet away. The Rex turns to him, stares back.

Lex SCREAMS and Timmy claps a hand over her mouth.

There is a whisper over Tim's walkie-talkie.

GRANT (ON WALKIE)
Timmy, be quiet. Don't move.

BACK ON GRANT -

He snaps off the walkie-talkie.

HIS POV - The rain runs in rivulets down the pebbled skin of the muscular hind legs. The animal's head is out-of-view, above the rooftops of the cars. The Rex lifts its huge hind leg.

GENNARO
Holy shit! Any suggestions what we do now?

GRANT
Can't think of a thing.

The T-Rex slowly circles Grant's cruiser.

BACK ON TIM -

He watches the beast move.

BACK ON GRANT AND GENNARO -

As they twist and turn, trying to find a circling Rex in dark and rain. The Rex pauses right next to Gennaro's window. He lowers his head, looking for movement inside.

CLOSE ON - the beady, expressionless reptilian eye moving in the socket.

Grant whispers, hardly moving his lips.

GRANT
Don't move.

Gennaro's leg trembles uncontrollably.

IN THE FIRST CRUISER -

Very frightened, Lex discovers a flashlight. She flicks it on and off, distracting herself. The beam shows her eyes full of a quiet panic.

LEX
It's too, too dark out there.

Tim waves his hands in caution.

BACK ON GRANT, GENNARO, AND THE REX -

The Rex bends down, bumps the windshield with his nose. Just stays there, breathing heavily. In the distance, the flashlight goes on again. The Rex raises his head suddenly. Grant grabs his walkie.

GRANT (TO WALKIE)
Shut that flashlight, Tim!

As the Rex heads off, a casual swipe of his tail SMASHES the side of the cruiser, throwing Grant and Gennaro across the inside of the car.

ON TIM -

He lunges for the flashlight. Lex dodges him, keeps it lit.

LEX
No, it's mine. Please, I need it.

Tim looks up through the sun roof. The massive head of the Tyrannosaurus Rex appears. Tim watches, transfixed. Lex looks up. Irrational with terror, she aims her flashlight like a gun. Blasts him. Her flashlight beam cuts through the dark and rain - she sees the beast plainly for the first time and SCREAMS!

The POOL OF LIGHT bathes the Rex's face. He smashes his head down onto the Plexiglass bubble. It crunches, and falls into the car, crushing the children. Tim uses his feet to push it to the side.

Above, the Rex displays its gaping maw, drooling toward the opening.

GRANT -

watches the Rex raise his mighty head again, above the kids' cruiser.

TIMMY AND LEX -

have a half-instant of relief. Then SLAM. The Rex butts his head against the cruiser. The Rex comes back down, tries to discover his prey inside the cruiser. Pushes his head close to the glass, looking.

The dinosaur stands in front of the cruiser, his whole chest heaving, his forelimbs pawing the air.

Timmy whispers to Lex.

TIMMY
Are you ok? Be quiet and don't move.

Lex barely nods and grabs Timmy's hand.

The Tyrannosaur places his head next to the car. He begins to shove the cruiser with his head. The cruiser ROCKS. The back window bursts, shards go flying.

Inside, the kids are THROWN back and forth, SHOVED against each other, and finally FLUNG against the top of the car as the cruiser FLIPS.

The whole world TILTS CRAZILY - trunks of palm trees slide by, the ground above, the blazing eye of the rex, the tops of palm trees.

The cruiser SLAMS DOWN on its side, the windows splat in the mud. Lex falls helplessly against the side window and lies motionless. Timmy falls beside her, banging his head. He reaches for Lex.

TIMMY
(softly)
Lex? Lex?

SILENCE. No movement from Lex.

THE ANIMAL toys with the cruiser. Like a dog with its bone, the dinosaur pushes the cruiser along with his head. He pushes it past the picnic tables toward the ripped fence and the embankment. Each shove sends the children flying again.

The cruiser is pushed closer and closer to the unprotected embankment. The cruiser slams to a stop completely upside-down. The T-Rex steps right on the cruiser, crushing the roof against the ground.

INSIDE - the children crawl for their lives as the car crushes further down from above and a tidal wave of mud oozes in from the sides.

THE REX - gnaws at the car, grabs a tire with his teeth. It ruptures with a pitiful pop. The Rex grabs at the axle with his teeth, begins to drag the car back. The kids, half-outside, are pulled with the car.

GRANT DANCES -

with a flare! The Rex is distracted.

CLOSE ON - the Rex as he ROARS. The flare gleams in his eyes.

The Rex starts toward Grant. He tosses the flare over the half-standing part of the fence. The Rex lunges after the flare.

GENNARO has reached his limit. Terrorized, he leaps out and SCREAMS:

GENNARO
Extinct animals should stay extinct!

He bolts. The Rex sees him and starts after him, THUNDERING by Grant, who stays frozen in place.

Gennaro sprints for his life. He's not even a distant match for the T-Rex jogging behind him.

Gennaro dives into the LADIES ROOM.

INSIDE - he slams the door and shoves the trashcan against the door. POUNDING FOOTSTEPS APPROACH! Gennaro backs up into one of the stalls. LOUDER POUNDING, THE WALLS BEGIN TO VIBRATE! Gennaro assumes a 'tuck' position.

ON THE INTERIOR DOOR - The Rex smashes right through the steel-clad door. Pieces go flying.

Gennaro hides amidst the wreckage as the Rex sniffs around.

GRANT RUNS BACK -

to check on the kids. He reaches a hand underneath the flipped car, sitting in the mud. Lex's soft voice can be heard.

LEX (OFF)
Dr. Grant!

Grant fishes under, finds Lex's hand, drags her out. He quickly checks her for broken bones.

GRANT
Lex, are you okay?

LEX
Timmy's unconscious, he won't move.

Lex SCREAMS. Grant turns to see the Rex return. He squeezes Lex tight. The animal goes right past them, back to his toy - Tim's land cruiser!

The Rex BELLOWS a huge cry. Timmy awakens and sees the Rex above him. He SCREAMS.

Lex, squeezed in Grant's arms, sees her imperiled brother.

LEX

Timmy!

The Tyrannosaur looks up, GROWLS across the upside-down cruiser, opens its huge jaws menacingly, all the time staring at Grant and Lex.

INSIDE THE CAR - Timmy tries to unwedge himself. A thin trickle of blood runs down his forehead. He's jammed between the crushed roof and the bent bench seat. He can't free himself.

The Rex begins to SHOVE the cruiser toward Grant and Lex. They back up, but they have very few feet left - they're almost at the embankment. But if they don't move, they'll be crushed by the oncoming car.

Grant slings Lex onto his back. She grabs her hands around his neck and digs her feet into his sides. Grant begins to climb over the downed fence and into the embankment - it's a huge drop!

Grant grabs a broken cable and lowers himself and Lex over the side of the embankment.

Just in time as the Rex SHOVES the cruiser further. Now, the cruiser TEETERS right on the edge, turning again on its side. Tim hangs halfway out of the car, unable to get out further.

Grant, with Lex on his back, slides down the cable, rappelling down the embankment. ABOVE, the car looms over them, rocking on the edge. Lex looks up and grabs Grant so tightly, she chokes him, unknowingly.

Grant, eyes bulging, sees the danger from above. He pushes off the wall and swings them toward the next hanging cable. He reaches out and -

- GRABS THE NEXT CABLE just as -

- the T-Rex BELLOWS and lowers her head, and gives a final shove. Tim and the cruiser SAIL INTO SPACE. Timmy SCREAMS!

Grant and Lex swing out of the way as the cruiser sails past them. Lex SCREAMS, squeezing Grant's neck even tighter! They watch helplessly as the cruiser BOUNCES off the wall and CRASH-LANDS into the top of a tree at the base of the wall.

Grant and Lex stare down at the wreck in the tree. Timmy can't be seen. Grant, choking from Lex's grip, grabs her fingers.

GRANT

Let ... go ... please.

The Rex ROARS above. They look up.

THE REX paws the air, GRUNTS in frustration and STALKS off. LIGHTNING FLASHES.

EXT NEDRY'S JEEP, BACK ROADS -

Nedry speeds along the rain-slick road, fish-tailing as he goes.

CLOSE ON - Nedry at the wheel.

NEDRY'S POV - the dark, wet road running alongside a ten-foot chain-link fence. Suddenly, a beast-like visage blurs across the road.

Nedry swerves. The jeep skids. Nedry tries to over-steer, can't bring the careening jeep under control.

The jeep crashes though the fence, bounces down a cement culvert, and dives into a raging gully.

Nedry curses. He spins the wheel. The tires spin and spray. The jeep's hopelessly stuck in the gully. From Nedry's seat in the jeep, he cranes his head around, examining his situation.

NEDRY'S POV - On the opposite side of the gully, there is an equipment graveyard. By the tilted jeep headlights, steely monsters all around can be seen - discarded earth movers, graders, and tractors.

Nedry gets out of the jeep, grabs the winch from the jeep's back end, and wades over to an abandoned tractor.

NEDRY
Shit. I'm going to have to change clothes.

He loops the winch around the tractor's base. Suddenly, he stops and looks around as he hears a gentle HOOTING. He squints, looking at the strange steel graveyard lit by the bright beams of the jeep headlights.

HOOT! HOOT! A distinctive HOOTING. Nedry looks up in fear. SILENCE.

Nedry starts moving toward his jeep. Again, the HOOT! Nedry stops, looks right, looks left. A RUSTLE in the trees. Nedry's head cocks.

Looking through trees, lit by the strong beams, Nedry sees a SPITTER in the eerie mist. Now it's gone. Now it's back. It circles Nedry warily, hunting him. Nedry stares.

NEDRY
I hope this is one of them herbivores.

Nedry scrambles the other way, full-tilt. Hop, hop, and the Spitter drops in front of Nedry from the other side. HOOT!

Nedry jumps back, lands on his butt. The Spitter zips in from the side - HOOT!

Nedry doubles back, racing through the abandoned equipment, ducking and rolling under a cement mixer, spinning past a tree. He splashes down the embankment, trying to get to his jeep. He uses the winch line to steady himself agair the raging current. He finally reaches the jeep, swings open the door - and, surging out of the water like a demonic apparition, is the SPITTER! Nedry backs away, directly into the glare of the headlights.

CLOSE ON - the Spitter. It's plume opens, bright orange gills swell out like an umbrella around its neck. Something squirts beneath its jaws.

A big glob SMACKS Nedry on the arm. He brushes it off.

NEDRY

Gross.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - the Spitter's head. The jaws puff, the hood flares out, the neck snaps forward. And - it spits.

This glob misses Nedry, splashes off the steaming headlight.

VERY EXTREME CLOSEUP - The Spitter's swollen poison sacs are inflated. They fire!

This glob hits Nedry in the eyes. He SCREAMS.

NEDRY

I'm blind, I'm blind.

He falls against the jeep, rubbing his eyes. The Spitter calmly hops up the embankment and watches the blinded Nedry weave drunkenly in the water. Nedry grabs onto the jeep and pulls himself along toward the driver's door. The Spitter stalks, watching him.

Nedry pulls open the jeep door, thrusts his head in, slams it against the the door frame. Now Nedry heaves his whole body into the jeep. The Spitter's long ostrich-like legs stretch and bend in an easy gait as it closes in on Nedry.

Nedry sits behind the wheel, unseeing as the Spitter watches patiently from a couple feet away. Now Nedry feels the animal's presence, slowly turns his blind eyes that way.

A long beat. The Spitter leaps forward, the CAMERA PULLS BACK WIDER AND WIDER. Nedry lets out an ear-splitting SCREAM and the car horn BLARES!

INT TIMMY'S CRUISER -

Timmy lies against a spidered side window, his head pressed against the door handle. He pushes himself up on one elbow, opens his eyes, and tries to focus. Rain has nearly stopped but a light drizzle hits him from the hole in the cruiser's floor. Raining from the floor?

Timmy tries to straighten up, but he's too dizzy. He stops and hears A CREAKING and feels the whole car gently swaying back and forth. With a further effort, he raises his body so that he's standing with his feet on the window frame and looks out the broken roof.

TIM'S POV - Dense foliage, moving in the wind, hard to see through. An open space and - THE GROUND, FORTY FEET AWAY!

INT/EXT CRUISER - CONTINUING ACTION

Tim's cruiser is lying on its side, stuck in the higher branches of a tree on the hillside.

TIMMY

Oh shit!

Timmy pulls his body up carefully, trying to get a better view. He grabs the steering wheel for support and it spins free in his hand.

CRACK! The cruiser slips a few inches down the tree. Timmy grabs the window frame and freezes. The car sways in the wind.

CRACK! The car slips a quick and rocky two feet.

TIMMY

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!

Timmy hears something. He raises his head very carefully. Climbing up the tree, pulling himself on a nearby branch, is Dr. Grant.

GRANT

Timmy. Are you ok?

TIMMY

Thank God you're here. Where's Lex?

GRANT

Below. She's fine. Let's get you down.

Timmy nods.

Grant peers through the broken roof of the cruiser, analyzing Timmy's predicament. He cranes his head back to examine how the cruiser is supported in the tree. Grant turns back to Timmy.

GRANT

Try the door you're leaning against.
Nice and slow.

Timmy places his weight on the two sides of the door frame and reaches between his legs, trying to open the door handle. Stuck. CRACK! The cruiser drops another foot.

Grant scrambles down a couple branches until he is even with the cruiser again. He motions for Timmy to hold still.

Grant reaches across to the other car door and tries the outer door handle. This one opens and very slowly, he pushes open the door. Grant gingerly holds it half-open in mid-air.

GRANT
Crawl this way. Slowly.

Carefully testing his weight with each step, Timmy lowers his body down. He pushes his legs out the door. They kick in the air and slowly come to rest on a lower branch. He lets himself down. Now he sits on a branch, a few feet below the cruiser.

CRACK! The cruiser drops. Grant still hangs onto the door but now his footing on the branch is gone. His legs hang in space. The cruiser hangs precariously above Timmy. They're all twenty feet in the air.

GRANT
We're going to have to make a jump for it, Timmy. Okay?

Timmy agrees.

GRANT
One, two, three, jump.

Timmy lets go and DROPS. Grant follows. So does the cruiser. It's hurtling right at them.

Timmy BANGS against the wet tree-trunk and slides down. Branches WHIP against his face, his hands SCRAPE against the trunk. Grant BOUNCES from branch to branch. CRACK! CRACK! The cruiser is falling toward them. They scramble down as quick as they can.

Timmy pulls his hands along the sap-sticky surface of the tree. CRACK! Grant is stopped for a terrible instant - doubled over a branch, he flips himself over, dropping further. The cruiser jolts along, just a half-step behind them.

Timmy dives the last six feet and HITS the wet earth with a THUD! Grant CRASHES next to him. Before they can roll out of the way, the cruiser keeps coming. Grant and Timmy look up at it.

GRANT'S POV - The cruiser dropping, dropping toward him. And finally stops, just inches away, its dented grill grinning at them, its cracked headlight glaring.

Oil drips down on Grant. He grabs Timmy, who grabs the night goggles. The two roll away. That second the cruiser SMASHES to the ground.

Grant brushes himself off painfully, extends a hand to Timmy. Timmy slowly reaches up and pulls himself standing.

TIMMY
Thanks, Dr. Grant.

GRANT
You owe me one.

Grant turns around in a slow, fluid circle, checking out the forest.

GRANT
Where'd Lex go?

They hear a faint WHIMPERING.

TIMMY
There's Lex.

He runs. Grant follows.

INT DRAINPIPE -

Lex is curled up inside the drainpipe. Her baseball glove is in her mouth and she is rocking back and forth, rhythmically banging her head against the back of the pipe. She WHIMPERS.

ON THE HILLSIDE -

Grant and Timmy arrive at the drainpipe and stare in at Lex.

GRANT
Come on out now, Lex.

Lex continues to bang her head. Timmy tries again.

TIMMY
It's your turn to wear the goggles, Lex.

She shakes her head. He holds up her baseball but she doesn't look.

TIMMY
I found your baseball.

LEX
You did?

But she doesn't move. Grant speaks encouragingly.

GRANT
Come on, Lex, it must be cold in there. And tight. Why don't you come out?

LEX
I'm afraid of the "aminals".

TIMMY
The "aminals" are gone.

LEX
Where did it go?

TIMMY
I don't know but it's not here now.

LEX
Are there any grownups out there?

GRANT
I'm a grownup, Lex. Come on out. Gimme your hand, come on, here you go.

LEX
I'm hungry.

GRANT
Me, too. We've got to get ourselves back to civilization.

EXT ROADSIDE -

Regis slowly crawls out from between a couple large boulders. He looks around carefully. He peels mud off his face and rubs his neck.

He touches his cheek.

CLOSE ON Regis' swollen cheek. He rubs it with his finger. Suddenly, he swats at his own mouth. He reaches in and pulls out a leech fat with blood. He hurls it to the ground, spitting. He grabs another off his arm and rips it off, leaving a bloody streak. He digs in his pants and pulls out another. He SCREAMS.

As soon as he has done so, he knows he's made a mistake. He looks around frantically. Sees the Rex trot down the road toward him.

REGIS
Noooooo!

BACK ON HILLSIDE -

Grant and the kids crest the hill. Grant puts on the night goggles and adjusts the dial and looks toward Regis. The kids can't see that far.

TIMMY
What's going on?

Grant's green POV - Regis and the Rex bounding after him. Regis hugs a tree, unmoving.

Grant whispers to the kids.

GRANT
It's Regis and the Rex is after him. But it's okay. Regis knows the Rex can't see him. Evidently, he can only see movement. Regis'll be ok if he stays still.

AFTER A LONG MOMENT, the tyrannosaur walks away, disappears into the shadows. Regis waits another long moment and releases his tree.

GRANT'S POV - The tyrannosaur leaps out of the shadows and knocks Regis to the ground. Regis jumps up and backs off. The animal knocks him right back down. Regis jumps up again and screams at the beast.

REGIS
You don't want to hurt Mr. Regis. Go away. Ed's your friend. Back off!

THE REX watches him dance around. It goes toward him. This time its jaws are open. Regis SCREAMS and in the middle, the scream cuts off.

Grant lets the goggles fall off his face. They hit the ground with a METALLIC CLINK. The Rex turns toward Grant and the kids.

GRANT
Let's go!

Grant grabs both the kids' hands and they begin to run.

BACK ON TOUR REST AREA -

Drops of water splat on a big fern. Light swims in the little puddle. In the sky above, clouds hurry by, intermittently revealing a half-obscured moon.

The torn fence lies in a crumpled, twisted mess. The wheel of a Land Cruiser spins. A little lizard runs in place on it.

The SOUND of the jeep's engine. It's Muldoon and Ellie.

THEIR POV - a single cruiser lies on its side in the middle of the road.

ELLIE
Oh, My God! Where's the other one?

Before the cruiser stops, she jumps out. Muldoon shouts a whisper.

MULDOON
Ellie!

Ellie turns in the headlight beams. Muldoon tosses her a flashlight.

MULDOON

Wait up.

Muldoon skids to a stop, leaps out of the car. He catches up to Ellie.

They share a frightened, apprehensive look. Muldoon gets on his knees and and touches a muddied area.

MULDOON

T-Rex tracks.

Ellie looks out into the forest.

ELLIE

Then they must be out there. They must be out there. I know it.

MULDOON

Perhaps.

ELLIE

No! They're out there.

MULDOON

I've seen a lot of animal attacks in the bush. It's not as gory and horrifying to see as you'd think. No pools of blood or exposed bones. There is usually little or no evidence left behind. And if victims are small, a predator can kill by just shaking the little thing to death, eating it, and leave not so much as a button.

A definite RUSTLING in the brush.

Ellie jumps and SCREAMS. Muldoon puts his hand over her mouth and pushes her down. They both squat by the cruiser. SILENCE. Ellie swallows. Muldoon slowly gets up. Ellie follows.

Their flashlights swing back and forth in the night. Twigs crack under their feet.

Ellie hears the RUSTLE at the edge of the forest. She shines her light into the brush. She catches her breath. Her hand shakes.

Ellie flashes her beam right, left, up, down. Jumps. Something is coming at her, rolling at her. She gasps, steps back. It's too late. It's Gennaro. His limp body stops at her feet. She covers her mouth. Muldoon runs to her.

Gennaro is face-down. Muldoon takes his pulse.

MULDOON
Thank God. (beat) We have to carry him. First I have to ...

He stands and removes his jacket.

CLOSE ON - Muldoon tears the jacket into long strips.

He wraps Gennaro's wounds.

MULDOON
He's losing a lot of blood. Help me.

Muldoon and Ellie carry Gennaro to the jeep. They lay him on the back seat. Muldoon jumps in back with him. He keeps wrapping the wounds. Ellie starts the engine, looks back at him.

ELLIE
Looks like you've been through this before.

Muldoon looks up.

MULDOON
I told you I've seen big game attacks in Africa.

She starts the engine.

ELLIE
Right.

Ellie skids out of there.

INT CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The dark room is lit with two outdoor torches. Light flickering on their faces, Arnold and Wu stare at the console screen.

WU
Why?

ARNOLD
Because Nedry messed with the code. That's why I'm checking it.

WU
But that could take weeks. What would be faster? Try keychecks.

Arnold snaps his fingers, grabs Wu.

ARNOLD
That's true. Keychecks will give me a record of every button Nedry pushed.

With a rapid series of keys, Arnold initiates "keystrokes". The computer displays a short series of commands. Arnold runs his finger down the screen.

ARNOLD
Jesus, that's all he did all afternoon? He was just dicking around, maybe waiting to get his nerve up.

Wu points to a line. It reads: WHTE-RBT.OBJ.

WU
What's that?

ARNOLD
Some sort of object. Let's see if we can trace it.

Arnold types FIND WHTE-RBT.OBJ. Nothing. He tries DEFINE WHTE-RBT.OBJ. Still nothing. LIST WHTE-RBT.OBJ. The screen fills with data. Each line defines another security system that has been shut off: SECURITY - PERIMETER FENCES OFF/ SECURITY - INTERIOR FENCES OFF/ SECURITY - LABORATORY DOORS OFF/, etc.

WU
What's it mean?

ARNOLD
It wasn't a bug. It was a trap door that fat bastard left for himself. When he hit WHTE-RBT. OBJ. it initiated a set of commands that turned the whole goddamn park off. Hammond was right about him.

WU
If I did that I'd leave a way to turn it back on. In case I had to. I'm sure Nedry did. You'll find it.

Arnold nods grimly.

INT CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Hammond sits quietly in the deserted cafeteria, calmly spooning ice cream into his mouth. This room is lit by dozens of candles.

Muldoon walks in, stares at Hammond in the semi-darkness.

MULDOON
We found Gennaro. He's badly injured. Harding's tending to him in your quarters. He'll be all right if we can radio for help. Your grandchildren and Grant are somewhere in the park. I believe they're alive but I don't know where they are.

HAMMOND
I'm sure you'll find them.

MULDOON
I certainly hope so.

HAMMOND
I'm sure we will. After all, I keep telling everyone, this park is made for children.

MULDOON
Just so you understand that they're missing, sir.

HAMMOND
Missing? Of course I know they're missing. You just said that. Look, Bob, let's not get carried away. We've had a little breakdown from the storm or whatever, and as a result we've had a regrettable, unfortunate accident. And that's all that happened. We're dealing with it. Arnold will get the computers cleaned up, and the radio and phone lines open. You'll find those kids and my good friend, Dr. Grant. I'm sure they'll want some of this ice cream. It's very good.

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dark. Ellie helps Harding get Gennaro comfortable on Hammond's couch. Blood from Gennaro's injuries stain the rich leather. Gennaro babbles.

GENNARO
That Rex didn't even give me his full attention. That's what hurts. I was just an afterthought. I gave him my full attention.

HARDING
He's had a lot of morphine.

GENNARO
(sings)
Not enough.

ELLIE
I need to find Wu. I have to run a few tests in his lab.

HARDING
He's probably in the control room, getting in the way while Arnold tries to put things together.

As Ellie leaves, Gennaro is singing a shanty in his morphine stupor.

GENNARO
Yo ho, I'll close this place down ...

EXT THE ANNE B AT SEA - NIGHT

The ship is tossed around on a stormy sea.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT STATEROOM -

The eggs are tossed around in the womb of the incubator. The swell settles but the rocking of one egg doesn't stop. The egg cracks, a silvery line runs down its side.

EXT PARK - NIGHT

Somewhere in the dark park, laced by low fog, Grant, Timmy and Lex walk.

LEX
I'm tired.

TIMMY
You're too big to be carried.

LEX
But I'm tired-tired.

GRANT
Okay, Lex.

Grant picks her up.

GRANT
Oof! You're heavy.

The full moon is blurred by drifting clouds. Their blunted shadows lead the three across an open field toward dark woods beyond. Grant is lost in thought, trying to decide where to go.

GRANT
I think we're still in his paddock.

Lex's heavy eyes open. Her eyes grow big. She taps Grant's shoulder.

GRANT
What?

LEX
Don't you see? Don't you see it?

GRANT
What?

LEX
The fence.

GRANT
(squinting)
No.

TIMMY
Oh I do, right there!

Lex lets herself slide off Grant and runs into the woods. Timmy follows. Grant follows, squinting. Finally, he sees. A big smile.

The kids look up at a twelve foot high electric fence. Timmy gulps.

LEX
Timmy's scared of heights.

Timmy spins in fury.

TIMMY
Shut up.

Lex and Timmy stare at each other. No fighting - now. They relax.

GRANT
Okay with the fence, Timmy?

Timmy eyes it. Nods hesitantly. They start to climb. Lex climbs easily

LEX
(mumbles quietly)
'Fraid of heights.

Timmy climbs tentatively. A dinosaur ROARS in the distance.

CLOSE ON - Timmy's foot loses its grip.

Timmy hangs for a moment, held only by his straining hands.

All three stop. Wait. Timmy regains his balance. Slowly, they proceed up and over.

On the other side, Grant looks around. More high trees. Beyond a field.

GRANT
A herbivore grazing area. Excellent.

Grant starts to walk toward it. Timmy stops. Lex sits on a tree root.

TIM
We gonna walk all night?

Grant looks at his watch.

GRANT
Twelve hours before that ship reaches the mainland.

TIM
We need sleep.

True, and Grant's thinking the same thing. He looks around, surveying the misty forest. He looks straight up into the beautiful, tall trees that ring the wide-open grassy meadow.

GRANT
Up there.

TIM
Climb? Again? I can't climb again.

Grant smiles.

GRANT
Sure you can.

Grant checks out and rejects tree after tree. Near the meadow he finds it. A good, basic climbing tree.

EXT UPPER BRANCHES OF THE TREE

Grant helps Lex get comfortable on his lap. Timmy tucks himself in between Grant's outstretched legs. Grant looks out. Back to kids.

Timmy and Lex are already snoring. Lex turns and hugs Grant close to her. She murmurs in her sleep. Grant starts to pat her shoulder when her. Timmy, without waking, reaches to her and strokes her hair.

TIMMY
(mumbles)
It's ok, Lex. Everything's gonna be ok.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - amoeba-like creatures swimming in a pool.

INT INCUBATION ROOM, LABORATORY - NIGHT

Ellie lifts her head away from the powerful microscope.

The dark room is lit by flashlight. Battery packs power the microscope. Wu paces the room, regarding his eggs with dismay. Sitting on shelf long tables with no moving wands above them - no thermal sensors.

WU
What is taking Arnold so long? This room is too cold. My eggs will be damaged.

Ellie swings the lens to Wu. Not so interested but peers in politely.

ELLIE
No sign of those berries. Really interesting. There are indications of a similar virus in every tissue sample. But it's not in the ground. Could I look at some of the discarded embryos?

Wu reluctantly agrees. He opens a cabinet and brings her samples.

WU
I'm sure you'll find your virus ... or a similar one. All animals carry many viruses in a dormant condition. It's almost impossible to say with certainty which are the same strains.

Ellie begins a test on a sample. She adds a reagent and marks up a slide. As she works:

ELLIE
And yet from what Harding tells me, many of your animals have similar symptoms - besides the microvesicles, a lack of hunger, loss of reproductive urge, sores in the mouth and gums.

Wu waves his arms.

WU
What the hell does Harding know? He's a veterinarian, not a pathologist.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

Arnold pushes his chair away from his console and claps his hands as Muldoon walks in. Muldoon asks hopefully.

MULDOON

What is it?

Arnold points to the screen.

ARNOLD

That's it.

Muldoon comes closer.

MULDOON

That's what?

ARNOLD

I found the command to restore the original code. It resets the linked parameters.

MULDOON

The fences and the power?

ARNOLD

Right. And it does something else. It erases the code lines that refer to it. It destroys all evidence it was ever there.

MULDOON

Nedry could steal the eggs, get back and reset the whole show. No one would ever miss him.

ARNOLD

Watch this.

Arnold types in a command. The screen flickers and changes. Arnold and Muldoon look out the window as lights come on through out the park.

ARNOLD

Hot damn!

MULDOON

Are the fences back on?

ARNOLD
You bet they are. It will take a few seconds to get up to full power, because we've got fifty miles of fence out there, and the generator has to feed the capacitors along the way. But in a half a minute we'll be back in business.

Arnold points to the transparent map of the park. On it, bright red lines snake out, moving throughout the park, as electricity surges through the fences.

MULDOON
Motion sensors?

ARNOLD
Got them too. It will be a few minutes while the computer counts. Then I'll tell you where Grant and the kids are and you can go and get them. But everything's working. Half past ten and we've got the whole thing back up and running.

Muldoon picks up a phone, shakes his head.

MULDOON
Just hiss.

BACK ON GRANT AND KIDS IN TREE -

Grant snores. A mosquito buzzes around him. He waves him away and continues to sleep.

In the distance, a tiny BEEPING. Below the towering tree, across the field, a sensor beeps, it's green light blinks, and the beeping stops.

IN THE HIGH TREE, the branches sway. Grant and the kids sleep on.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

The glowing, glass map. Arnold and Muldoon stare at it.

MULDOON
What is taking so damn long? Where are they?

ARNOLD
There's a lot of extraneous movement out there. Branches blowing, birds, background movement. It may take, ah, okay, count's finished.

Muldoon looks at Arnold anxiously. Arnold looks down.

ARNOLD
Hmmmm. I don't see them. Maybe they're out of range of a sensor.

MULDOON
Shit. I don't know where they are. I wish I could go out there But I haven't got anything to use on the Rex. My rocket launcher's in the jeep Nedry stole. And going out with a big gun in the dark would be suicide.

INT INCUBATION ROOM, LABORATORY - NIGHT

Brightly lit again. Ellie performs tests with a centrifuge. She looks at Wu, who sits across from her in a high stool, stifling a yawn.

ELLIE
Why don't you get some sleep, Dr. Wu? I'm just going to run a couple more tests and then I'm going to turn in myself.

Wu doesn't need to be told twice. He climbs off his stool.

WU
No point in everyone being exhausted.

He starts to leave. He comes back and speaks consolingly to Ellie.

WU
I'm sure Muldoon will find Dr. Grant as soon as there is light.

Ellie appreciates his effort, nods seriously, goes back to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT OCEAN - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Beautiful dark ocean. The sky is a rich blue. A morning star fades as the sky lightens. The Anne B is a small dot on the massive ocean.

INT STATEROOM, ANNE B -

Eggs sit in the incubator. A hand sprays them with foam. Leaves. CAMERA EXAMINES the eggs as the foam disperses. More cracks. One egg jumps with a bolt from within. It settles. Jumps again.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING AERIAL - the primordial beauty of Isla Nublar at dawn.

EXT VISITOR'S CENTER - DAWN

Muldoon drives out into the park in Harding's jeep. THREE WORKERS travel with him. Each carries a rifle.

EXT GRANT'S TREE - DAWN

CAMERA LOOK DOWN on Grant, Lex and Timmy still sleeping in the tree. A large shadow falls on their quiet faces. Lex opens an eye. She SCREAMS.

Grant and Timmy wake up with a start.

THEIR POV - AS THE CAMERA LOOKS THROUGH THEIR LEGS AND TILTS UP right into the huge face of a DUCK-BILLED HADROSAUR, a gigantic dinosaur with cow eyes. Its head moves up through the canopy of the trees. Then the head swoops way down below. And returns to Grant's level and stares at his shoe.

The hadrosaur tastes Grant's shoe. The kids press tightly into Grant.

LEX
He gonna eat us?

GRANT
I don't think so. She's a ...

GRANT AND TIMMY
... herbivore

The hadrosaur HONKS. Lex covers her ears. Grant smiles and motions to Lex. He picks a big fruit off the tree and tosses it into the hadrosaur's mouth. CHOMP. He feeds it again. Lex and Timmy toss a few.

CHOMP! CHOMP! HONK! HONK!

The hadrosaur's big head swoops way down, momentarily gone.

When she returns, all three quickly gather fruits and throw them into her mouth. The hadrosaur pulls back with her giant mouthful of fruit. She pulls further and further back and then her huge head turns and moves down.

Grant, Lex and Timmy strain to see through the branches.

THEIR POV - The hadrosaur is feeding four scampering, baby hadrosaurs. Letting the fruit tumble from her mouth into theirs. Lex YELLS:

LEX
Come here, babies! Get your breakfast!

The babies run to the base of the tree. The kids toss fruits right down to them. Lex and Timmy climb lower to feed them right from their hands.

Grant and the mother hadrosaur stare at each other. She sniffs his foot. He moves closer, straddling a branch. He lifts up her lip and examines her gums.

CLOSE ON - a ripped piece of fence stuck in her teeth.

Grant yanks it out. He lets it drop to the ground. He takes a large leaf and rubs her teeth with it.

CLOSE ON - her mouth as Grant's hand touches the side of her tongue. He sees little tiny bumps.

The hadrosaur lets out a low groan. Grant is puzzled, rubs harder.

GRANT
Like the trike. Maybe it's not the stones.

HONK! She pulls her mouth away. The baby hadrosaurs turn to the honking adult. She is leaving quickly. They follow quickly behind her. The small herd leaves, casually trampling trees as they go.

EXT BACK ROADS, PARK - MORNING

Muldoon and workers drive rapidly in the jeep. Suddenly, Muldoon slams on the brakes.

MULDOON'S POV - ABOUT TWENTY PROCOMPSOGNATHIDS (COMPYS), small chicken-sized scavenging dinosaurs, scramble across the road.

MULDOON
Where the hell are they going?

Muldoon watches them cross. He thinks it over. Spins the wheel and follows them off the road.

MULDOON
Let's see what's up.

EXT BELOW THE TREE, PARK - MORNING

Timmy bravely jumps from a very low branch. He smiles and looks at Grant, who's already on the ground. Grant looks off in the distance.

GRANT
Tim, I think there's a motion sensor across the field and down there.

TIM
Where's Lex?

ALONE IN THE BUSHES - Lex kneels. She holds a big fruit and calls:

LEX
C'mere boy, c'mere.

She tosses the fruit.

CLOSE ON - the fruit rolling away.

Lex gets up and follows the rolling fruit. She picks it up.

LEX
It's very, very good.

She tosses it again.

LEX
C'mere boy, c'mere.

Lex's eyes scan the bushes, then stop. She smiles.

LEX'S POV - hidden in the brush, a baby triceratops' eye peeks at Lex.

Lex pushes the fruit closer. The BABY TRICERATOPS comes out of the brush, squeaking as it goes. It nibbles the fruit. Lex rolls another.

BACK ON GRANT AND TIM - They look around. Timmy stops, mouth open, YELLS

TIM
Dr. Grant, Dr. Grant, look.

Grant turns, looks OFFSCREEN. He's astonished by what he sees.

HIS POV - a row of shrubs, which Lex seems to soar above. At a break in the shrubs, it's clear that she's riding the baby triceratops. Loving it

LEX
Whoa!

With a whoop, Grant and Timmy chase after Lex on her triceratops.

Lex rides through low brush, ducking down as she goes. Then beneath the tall trees as she enters the forest. She crosses a stream on a log bridge. Light showers down through the branches. The water shimmers. Lex is in paradise.

Behind her, Grant and Timmy shout for her to stop. She waves, kicks the triceratops like it's a horse and YELLS:

LEX
Giddyup!

The trike takes off, in a rush. It trips over a fallen tree, downed by the storm. The trike takes a spill and Lex goes flying.

LEX
Whoa!! Take it easy!

She passes over the trike's head, in the air, and SCREAMS as she flies:

LEX
I can't swim!

She SPLASHES into the stream.

Timmy, first to arrive on the scene, dives in heroically. He comes up sheepish and muddy - and sees Lex standing in a foot of water.

The baby dinosaur rolls to a stop, mowing down a patch of saplings as she goes. It stands up, dizzy and out of breath.

Timmy wipes mud off himself. Grant helps the kids out of the water. The baby triceratops follows them. Grant yells to the baby trike.

GRANT
Go home now. Home to Freda!

LEX
Oh, let him stay. He likes me to ride him. He could carry me instead of you, Dr. Grant. Please, let him stay.

Grant shakes his head.

GRANT
Go! Go away. Go! Get out of here!

The trike whimpers and watches the three of them walk on. Lex is heartbroken.

LEX
Will I ever play with him again?

Grant looks across the field, abundantly beautiful in the early morning. He has to keep them going. He points across the field.

GRANT
We gotta get to that motion detector. It's still a ways.

Lex looks behind her. In the distance, more hadrosaurs join the herd eating from the tall trees. Some cool off in a shallow lagoon. They drink, lowering their flat heads, meeting their own reflections in the still water. When they look up again, their heads swivel. At the water's edge, a baby hadrosaur ventures out, squeaks, and scrambles back while the adults watch indulgently.

EXT OFF ROAD, PARK - MORNING

Muldoon and his workers now follow the compys on foot. The compys trail off in different directions. Muldoon and his workers break apart to track the different groups.

A BEARDED WORKER follows his party of compys. He looks ahead and sees a small group stopped ahead. Their heads are bent to the ground.

A BALD WORKER has reached another cluster of compys. Kicking, he scatters them.

Muldoon's tracking leads him to the equipment graveyard where Nedry was lost. He sees his stolen red jeep. He rushes to it. On the passenger side still sits his rocket launcher. He opens the door to retrieve it. When he leans in, his eye catches the tilted side-view mirror. The image is of many compys bent over the ground. He comes around, YELLING:

MULDOON
I found Nedry!

In the distance, the call is ECHOED.

BEARDED WORKER (OFF)
I found him!

BALD WORKER (OFF)
Found him!

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS - DAY

Hammond peeks in the door and sees Gennaro, heavily bandaged, dozing on the couch. Gennaro's eyes flutter and Hammond enters and smiles.

HAMMOND
Hi, Donald. Glad you're awake. I hope you're not going to take this little mishap you had and hold it against my park. It would be terrible if the finishing funds were in any way held up.

Gennaro just grins and shakes his head. He's very high on morphine. He wants to speak but Hammond keeps talking. After each sentence, Gennaro enthusiastically agrees with a nod.

HAMMOND
You really shouldn't have gotten out of the vehicle. The park is actually quite safe. A disenchanted worker sabotaged some equipment. Arnold, Muldoon, and Wu, all loyal employees, are righting damage as we speak.

GENNARO
Oh good, 'cause I love the park! It's more than we ever dreamed! Those brachiosaurs are so big! And those Spitters -
(he spits)
- incredible! I only have one problem. Aren't we going to have pterodactyls?
(he frowns, smacks his forehead)
Oh, they'd fly away!

Gennaro looks off, watching the imaginary pterodactyls fly away. Hammond takes out a bag.

HAMMOND
Take a look at these, Donald. Have you seen these? These are great.

Hammond dumps things out of the bag. They are souvenirs of the park.

HAMMOND
Wind-up toys. Spitter umbrellas.

Gennaro is thrilled.

HAMMOND
I got some great t-shirts. Dinosaur bingo, hey ...

Hammond leans closer.

HAMMOND
Wu says he can make a foot high triceratops. We'll sell pets as living souvenirs. Bio-engineered to eat only food we sell, of course.

Gennaro can't take it. Great idea! He high-fives Hammond repeatedly.

Harding enters and gently taps Hammond on the shoulder.

HARDING
You'll have to bear with him, Mr. Hammond. He's doped to infinity and back.

INT INCUBATION ROOM, LABORATORY - DAY

Sunlight pours through the windows. Ellie sits with her head in hands. She looks around and wanders the lab. Notices a drawer, slides it open.

X-rays. She shuffles through, finds some marked: FREDA.

Ellie snaps on a viewing light at her lab station. She studies the x-ray. She looks up in surprise. Studies it again.

The viewing light is snapped off. Ellie looks around. Wu stands there.

WU
Who gave you permission -

Ellie attacks back.

ELLIE
I'm here to investigate this park. And there's plenty you haven't told me.

WU
That's absurd.

ELLIE
These bones aren't fully formed.

WU
You're qualified to interpret x-rays of living dinosaurs? I doubt it. It took me many months to learn.

Y
I'll tell you something else, Freda isn't an adult, just a huge juvenile.

WU
You're making a lot of assumptions here.

ELLIE
Right. What the hell is going on, Wu?

They stare at each other in the bright sunlight.

HAMMOND (OFF)
Growth hormones.

The two swing around. Hammond stands in the sharp shadows of the room.

WU
She didn't have a right to explore my lab.

HAMMOND
Let's not argue, Wu, we have a serious problem.
(to Ellie)
These animals don't last. There is a regularity, a predictability about when they die. It's always ... very young. We don't know why. Given time, I'm sure Wu will figure it out. It's just ...

WU
Just some adjustment in the code is required.

HAMMOND
But there are deadlines. The park opens next summer. And it requires full-grown specimens. So Wu uses growth hormones to achieve the desired size in a short amount of time. But they all keep dying and we don't know how to stop it.

Ellie and Wu stare at Hammond. He steps forward. The light is so hot behind him that his appearance is like an apparition.

HAMMOND
I was going to tell you all this myself, Dr. Sattler, after Gennaro stopped breathing down my neck. That's why I wanted you and Dr. Grant here on my island - you have to help me keep the dinosaurs alive. Won't you please help me?

CUT TO:

IN THE SKY, the sun momentarily burns through the clouds -

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS - DAY

Ellie enters. On the couch, Gennaro snores lightly. In a chair nearby, Harding sleeps, a roll of gauze grasped in his hands.

Ellie walks over to the large model of the park that Hammond revealed. She looks at the miniature dinosaurs that sit in different sectors of the park. She picks up the plastic Rex, examines it, drops it back in.

She brushes by Harding and studies Gennaro's pasty, sleeping face. Air blows in and out of his dry lips. She examines the gauze wrapped around his wounded leg. It seeps with blood.

INT CONTROL - DAY

Arnold works at his console. Hammond and Wu lean over his shoulder. Ellie bursts in, very agitated. Hammond looks up.

ELLIE
Gennaro's losing a lot of blood. He needs transfusions. We gotta get a rescue helicopter. Arnold, what's with the phones?

ARNOLD
Ah hell. I just can't find it.

He sips his coffee and stares bleary-eyed at the screen.

ELLIE
Find what?

ARNOLD
Nedry jammed all the communication lines. He inserted some command, a lockout into the program code. I can't find it, because I gave that restore command and it erased part of the program listings.

WU
So? Just reset - shut the system down and you'll clear the memory. Everything will be in the normal wakeup mode.

ARNOLD
Shut the system down?

WU
And reset.

ARNOLD
I've never done that before. And I'm reluctant to do it. Maybe it's true, all systems will come on, but maybe they won't.

ELLIE
Look, there is a sick man here who needs medical attention or he'll die. Four people are out there, missing in your park. We need search teams. We have to have a phone or a radio.

Arnold still hesitates.

ELLIE
Well?

ARNOLD
Well, it's just that the safety systems don't function with the computer shut down and -

Ellie boils over.

ELLIE
- turn the goddamn safety systems off! Can't you get it through your head that we have no choice?

Arnold looks at Hammond, who now stares out into the park. Without turning, Hammond nods his consent.

ARNOLD

Okay.

Arnold gets up and goes to the main panel. He opens the doors and uncovers the metal swing-latches over the safety switches. He pops them off, one after another.

ARNOLD

You asked for it. And you got it.

He throws the master switch.

The control room goes black. All monitors go black. Arnold, Wu and Ellie stand in the dark.

ELLIE

How long do we have to wait?

ARNOLD

Thirty seconds.

EXT FIELD IN THE PARK -

Grant and kids walk through a clearing. Lex stops.

GRANT

What is it?

LEX

I hear something.

GRANT

Come on.

Timmy looks around. The morning is still and peaceful. Branches are motionless. Only a little bird jumps from one branch to another.

LEX

Hear it now?

TIMMY

You're hearing things. Come on, we gotta get back and warn them about the boat.

Lex hesitates but doesn't want to be left behind. She runs between Grant and Timmy. Then they all hear it.

HONKING. It comes from the herd of duck bills behind them. First the honking of a single animal, then another animal joins in, then another and another, until the whole herd has taken up the honking cry.

TIMMY
What's going on?

GRANT
They're agitated.

The duckbills twist and turn. They hurry out of the water, circling the young ones to protect them.

With a ROAR, the T-Rex bursts from the trees, just a hundred yards away from the three. It rushes across the field with huge strides, heading straight toward the hadrosaurs.

LEX
I told you I heard something!

The earth SHAKES. A low rumble is heard and felt as the hadrosaurs begin to run in a parallel direction to the course of Grant and the kids.

GRANT
Outta the way, kids! Run!

Grant grabs Lex, lifting her bodily off the ground, and carries her like a football. Timmy runs beside them.

Hadrosaurs run alongside of them. Grant hears the crashing of trees. He takes a glance over his shoulder.

GRANT'S POV - a flurry of flamingos takes flight and spooks the herd into changing direction. The hadrosaurs swerve and charge right into the path of Grant, Lex and Timmy. They all SCREAM.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

The quiet black room. Hammond stands by the big window. His pensive presence affects all in the room.

Arnold looks at his illuminated watch.

ARNOLD
Memory should be cleared by now.

He pushes the main switch back on. Nothing happens.

ARNOLD
Damn.

Arnold pushes the switch off and then on again. Still nothing. He glances at Hammond's back. Sweat forms on his brow.

ELLIE
What's wrong?

ARNOLD
Oh hell! I have to turn the safety switches back on before I restart the power.

Arnold flips on three safeties, and covers them again with latch covers. Holding his breath, he turns on the main power switch.

First, there is the computer beep. Ellie jumps. Then relaxes. The lights come on. The screens hum. Hammond's shoulder twitches slightly.

ARNOLD
Thank God!

The room is jubilant. Hugs and cheers. Ellie picks up a phone.

ELLIE
Arnold! They're still not working.

ARNOLD
No, it sounds dead but after a reset, all system modules have to be brought on line manually.

Arnold quickly goes back to work at his console. Hammond turns.

WU
(to Hammond)
Arnold's about to get the phones up.

Arnold pushes his chair back.

ARNOLD
Okay, we're up again!

Ellie grabs the phone back up.

ELLIE
No we're not. Phones still dead.

Arnold swings her way.

ARNOLD
Can't be -

HAMMOND
My God, look at this, Arnold.

Hammond points to the transparent map. A tight cluster of dots by the lagoon move in a coordinated way. Moving fast, in a kind of swirl.

ELLIE
What's happening?

ARNOLD
(tonelessly)
The duckbills.

WU
My good God.

ELLIE
What?

ARNOLD
It's the Rex ...

HAMMOND
They've stampeded ...

BACK ON THE HADROSAURS - LOW ANGLE ON THE STAMPEDE -

Grant and kids run for their lives. Behind them the duckbills charge with surprising speed. Their enormous bodies charge in a tight group, kicking up dirt, rocks, whole trees as they thunder along.

CLOSE ON - a charging duckbill as he HONKS, eyes wild with fear.

A horrible ROAR of the T-Rex sends a duckbill infant squealing and struggling to stay out from underfoot.

CLOSE ON - A huge adult foot almost tramples the infant.

Frightened and confused the infant scampers even deeper into the maelstrom. The frenzied herd raises a great cloud of yellow dust.

GRANT AND LEX AND TIMMY run wildly. The stampede is very close behind. Grant and the kid's faces are covered with sweat and dust.

Another deafening ROAR of the T-Rex.

Grant leads them toward a rocky outcrop with a stand of big conifers. The animals continue to close.

CLOSE ON - the running feet of the stampeding animals. The ground VIBRATES every time it is struck by the huge feet.

GRANT AND THE KIDS scramble onto the rocks. They frantically tuck in between big boulders as the the herd reaches them. Lex shields her dusty face with her hands as she wedges deeper between the rocks. Grant pushes her down deeper and looks up from between the rocks.

GRANT'S POV - the immense legs of the first hadrosaur to pass. Another slams its big tail against the rocks, leaving a splash of hot blood.

Stampeding legs send clods of dirt flying in the air. Above, even the birds are running. Disoriented, they fly frantically along.

GRANT AND THE KIDS are enveloped in dust. Just shadows of huge bodies with giant limbs. BELLOWS of pain as animals wheel and circle.

A boulder is dislodged and it rolls toward Timmy. He dives out of his rocky hiding place. The boulder continues on toward Grant and Lex. They dive after Timmy. The group buries itself anew in a group of thick roots tangled amidst smaller rocks. The boulder continues on, SMASHING the rocky enclave they have just left.

Grant and the kids huddle and watch the last under-bellies oscillate above them. The stampede goes past. They lie there, unable to move. They watch the herd trample on.

From the shadows, THE T-REX CHARGES INTO THE FRAME like a locomotive.

CLOSE ON - The Rex's foot as it crushes a motion sensor.

Lex SCREAMS. Grant and Timmy cover her mouth.

The T-Rex hunts down the herd. He targets his prey. A young hadrosaur.

As the hadrosaur gallops into the shadowy treeline, the Rex lunges fiercely. The Rex and its victim are enveloped in dust.

Grant holds Lex close. She watches the terrible cloud with a quiet horror. Timmy makes the first move to leave.

TIMMY

Let's go. Now!

The herd's remainder gallops off into the safety of the deep jungle.

Grant, Lex and Timmy run in the opposite direction.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

Hammond, Arnold, Wu, and Ellie watch the monitor as the dust slowly clears. Hadrosaurs scatter.

Now the Rex is calm and quiet. BACK TO CAMERA, he gnaws on something.

HAMMOND

No! Oh no! He made a kill. He killed one of my animals! Where's Muldoon?

ARNOLD

I'm sorry, Mr. Hammond.

HAMMOND

My animals! My animals!

Muldoon enters, limping in. Hammond is very upset.

HAMMOND
Where have you been? My Rex killed a hadrosaur. You should be out there, doing something.

MULDOON
I just came to tell you - you're minus one computer expert.

EXT BY THE RIVER, PARK - DAY

The water rushes a few hundred yards away. Grant and the kids have finally rested enough. Grant nods to Timmy.

GRANT
We'll walk by the river. That leads back to the Visitor's center.

LEX
Not me. I'm not walking anymore.

TIMMY
Come on Lex, I'll carry you.

LEX
Nope. Too scared.

Timmy looks up at Grant. Grant kneels down by Lex. Lex embraces Grant.

GRANT
You ready?

She wipes her tears.

LEX
Can we go on the raft? Then we don't have to walk so close to the animals!

GRANT
What raft?

Lex points to a low concrete maintenance building with bars. It is twenty yards away.

LEX
Where I found Freda's baby.

Grant starts to stand. He's thinking.

GRANT
It's still mid-morning. I bet we have at least ten miles to go. If we take the raft along the river, we can make much faster progress.

TIMMY
Let's do it.

INT MAINTENANCE BUILDING -

Grant stumbles deep in the gloomy recesses of the building. He pushes past drums of herbicide, tree-pruning equipment, spare tires, coils of cyclone fencing, huge fertilizer bags, stacks of ceramic insulators, empty motor-oil cans, work-lights and cables.

GRANT
Lex, I don't see any raft.

Timmy looks at Lex. Where is it? Lex doesn't know.

TIMMY
Keep going.

Grant keeps pushing through bags of cement, lengths of copper pipe, piles of green mesh. Two plastic oars hang on the concrete wall.

GRANT
Bullseye!

Timmy is relieved. Lex smiles.

LEX
Told you!

Grant grabs them. Looks around, still -

GRANT
No raft. Where did you see it, Lex?

LEX
Actually, I never really saw one. Just assumed.

GRANT
Assumed?

She nods. Grant and Timmy resume looking.

IN THE REAR OF THE BUILDING - Lex walks below a barred window. Slats of light fall on her back. She sees a dark closet door ajar. She brushes the handle. It swings opens and two bright orange life preservers fall on her, knocking her to the ground.

Lex SCREAMS, frantically pushing the life preservers off.

Grant's head pops up. Timmy runs to her side. She is wrestling irrationally with the life preservers. Timmy drops to the ground.

TIMMY
Lex! Lex! You're okay, you're okay!

Lex is overcome with fear. Timmy grabs a preservers and puts it on.

TIMMY
Look, Lex! Look!

She looks at him, realizes, and bursts out laughing. Timmy laughs with her. Grant joins them. He sits on a box and laughs.

GRANT
I'm afraid there's no raft.

Grant gets up. He reaches for the hands of the kids. Timmy sees it - the box Grant sat on is labelled: RAFT STORAGE. Timmy smiles..

AT THE RIVER'S EDGE -

Grant pulls a cord.

With a LOUD HISS, the rubber begins to expand uncontrollably, jerking and jumping like a wild marionette. Then, with a whopping HISS-WHAP! it pops fully open on the deck: a large bright yellow rubber raft.

Timmy and Lex climb in, wearing the life preservers. Grant gets in and pushes off with his oars.

The small disturbance causes the cicadas to ROAR. The raft drifts out into the lagoon. Grant fixes his oars into the oarlocks.

Grant surveys the river.

GRANT
Looks pretty calm.

THUMP. The raft stops moving. They are aground. Lex looks overboard. She reaches in about elbow deep.

Grant stands and puts the oars in the water. He pushes with all his might. There is a long scraping sound of the raft against the mud floor. But it moves. And the raft goes into deep enough water.

A general sigh of relief as they gently float downstream.

A WIDE AREA OF THE RIVER -

Grant energetically works the oars.

CLOSE ON - Lex lets her hand trail in the water.

LEX
I'll row, Dr. Grant.

GRANT
No.

But he's sweating and takes a moment to rest. Lex looks down at her hand in the water. It still trails.

LEX
Hey, we're still moving.

Grant looks into the water. She's right.

GRANT
There's a current.

Grant lays back against the rubber gunwales, closes his eyes. The two kids look at him.

LEX
You can't sleep.

GRANT
(eyes closed)
I'm not sleeping... yet.

LEX
I'll do it!

Lex picks up the oars and begins.

TIMMY
We gotta warn them about the boat.

Grant opens one eye and looks up at the sun in the sky. He sighs and takes up the oars again. He rows powerfully with the current.

A BEND IN THE RIVER -

Current picks up speed. The water begins to rush and ROAR.

TIMMY
Cool!

White foam crashes on the raft and sprays the kids. They burst out laughing. Grant smiles at them, but there is concern in his eyes.

ANOTHER BEND -

Now the raft is really racing. The kids hold on tightly as the raft is rocked. White water crashes over, drenching the kids. When Grant takes a moment to look, he is soaked by a huge wave.

The raft tosses right and left. Timmy holds the rubber grips. He's yanked to one side. He's knocked to the raft floor. Quickly gets his grip again. SHOUTS to Grant.

TIMMY
Thought it looked calm?

GRANT
Guess I was wrong.

Grant looks ahead. The river widens. The raft really starts to fly.

Lex, gripping very tightly, looks out. Water sprays her again and again. Her face is serious.

LEX
I can't swim!

Grant grabs the raft's tie line and pulls it out of its rubber rings. He lashes it around Lex and Timmy. Then he ties it around one of the rubber grips.

GRANT
Hold on real tight.

They go flying down the river. The ROAR deafens.

The raft lifts out of the water. And crashes down, rocking every way.

Jagged rocks appear. Grant uses his paddle as a club to push off the rocks and the rushing shoreline. The kids duck from sudden overhanging trees.

Grant looks ahead. He blanches.

HIS POV - the surging edge of a tumultuous waterfall.

They're almost there. At the huge waterfall, water rushes violently, heaving over the magnificent precipice.

Timmy tries to tighten Lex's vest but is thrown back down . He YELLS:

TIMMY
Hold my hand. Hold my hand when we go.

The raft spins in the rushing water. Everyone is thrown around.

The rope holding the kids to the raft tautens. The oars are wrestled out of Grant's hands and go flying through the air, spilling over the edge.

At the last moment, Grant spots a tree branch arching over the cascade. With all his might, he stands and holds his balance long enough to let his hands smash into the overhanging branch.

They stop right at the waterfall's edge.

Grant struggles mightily to hold onto the branch. But the water keeps rushing. His strength ebbs.

TIMMY
Don't let go!

Grant's veins pop out in his arms. His hands start to slip off the wet tree bark. Lex watches his hands slowly lose their grip.

The rubber raft jumps and leaps below him. Water pours into the raft. Lex tries fruitlessly to let it out. Timmy holds down Grant's feet.

TIMMY
You can do it!

GRANT
I'm trying. I'm trying ... Ooooo!!! ....

His hands slipping, slipping ...

GRANT
No!!!!!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - The T-Rex, face down in the mud.

INT CONTROL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Arnold, Wu, Muldoon, and Ellie stare raptly at the monitor.

MULDOON
Son-of-a-bitch. He's taking a nap. Hasn't been this well fed ... ever.

Hammond is above, in his throne. He calls down:

HAMMOND
Could he drown in that position? That's a very valuable animal.

MULDOON
I know it's a valuable animal.

Muldoon takes a step up toward Hammond's throne and the two argue quietly back and forth. In the foreground, Wu calls Arnold over.

WU
What's that, John?

Wu points to the screen behind Arnold's head. In the upper right-hand corner, it blinks a yellow warning: AUX PWR LOW! Ellie regards it.

WU
You running on auxiliary power?

ARNOLD
I'm not.

WU
Looks like you are.

ARNOLD
Can't be.

WU
Print the system status log.

Arnold nods and rapidly strikes keys. In the corner, a printer whirs to life. Moments later, it spits out a single page. Arnold tears it off.

Ellie continues to stare at the screen. It now flashes red: AUX PWR FAIL! An alarm klaxon BLARES.

Hammond holds his ears against the noise. He stands up.

The room lights begin to FLASH. They're reflected in Hammond's eyes. Hammond ROARS above the chaos.

HAMMOND
What the hell is going on?

Onscreen, numbers begin to count backward from ten. Hammond lurches. At zero, the lights go off, the monitors, even the computer. Just the alarms keep screaming.

HAMMOND
You're ruining my ordered, precise park!

Arnold ignores him, keeps pressing buttons. Hammond rushes toward Arnold. Arnold looks over his shoulder in surprise. Hammond SCREAMS.

HAMMOND
Fix my park, Arnold! Fix it!

Arnold crosses his hands in front of his face, blocking Hammond's attack. Hammond grabs Arnold's wrists and the two twirl to the ground. Breathing heavily, Hammond clutches his hand to his own chest.

Arnold stands up, brushes off. He puts himself together, looks at Hammond. He SHOUTS over the siren:

ARNOLD
I know it's hard, I know it's hard, but I'm going to put it all back together for you - I promise. I will.

BACK ON RAFT AT WATERFALL -

Grant still clings to the overhanging branch, holding the raft from toppling over the crashing waterfall. Lex and Timmy hold onto his legs.

The ROAR of the water diminishes. And the flow subsides from a raging current to a rolling river. And then to a gentle stream. A trickle. Nothing.

Grant slowly relaxes, lets go. So do the children. Around the raft, the water level begins to drain. Gradually, Grant and the kids are left in the raft sitting in just a few puddles of water. Around them, various pumps and other equipment is exposed where it was once covered by rushing white water.

LEX
The waterfall stopped.

TIMMY
Waterfalls aren't supposed to stop.

GRANT
I think they cut the power. Hey -

He points and the three of them look over the edge where the waterfall once poured. There's a shimmering rainbow and beyond that, in the mist, is the visitor's center.

GRANT
Well, there's our pot of gold. Let's go, kids.

They grab his hands and clamber out of the raft, running toward shore.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

Muldoon pulls open the blinds and the hot sun filters in, so the room is alternate patches of bright and dark.

In a hot corner, Ellie squats over a prostate Hammond, mopping his brow with a cool cloth. He murmurs, only barely intelligible.

HAMMOND
Told him, fix my park, fix my park.

Wu brings the printout to Arnold. The printout is a chronological rendering of control room events since the restart. It is clear they have been running on auxiliary power. Wu yells above the alarm:

WU
You shut down at six thirty-four this morning, and when you started back up, it was with auxiliary power.

ARNOLD
Jesus. The auxiliary generator fires up first and then that's used to start the main generator because it needs a heavy charge. The main generator has to be manually reset.

WU
Outside? In the generator building?

Arnold nods. Muldoon points to a line in the printout:

06:35:22 WARNING: FENCE STATUS (NB) OPERATIVE - AUX POWER

MULDOON
This doesn't mean the fences have been off since six-thirty, does it?

Arnold grabs the paper, looks at it, slams it down.

ARNOLD
Backup power doesn't generate enough amperage to power the electrified fences, so they were automatically kept off. That's also why we had no phones or radio.

MULDOON
All of the fences?

ARNOLD
Yes.

MULDOON
Including the velociraptor mesh?

ARNOLD
(disgusted, exhausted)
Yes, yes, yes.

In the corner, Hammond lifts his head and Ellie gently helps him to a sitting position.

HAMMOND
Do you mean those raptors could be loose?

ARNOLD
I'm afraid so.

MULDOON
No, no way. Last time, it took 'em two days to chew through that mesh. But give 'em enough time, they'll get out. We better get that power on now.

HAMMOND
Regardless, check that pit. Make sure there's five of them there.

EXT VISITOR'S CENTER - AFTERNOON

Muldoon and Arnold run across the lawn. Muldoon carries his rocket launcher at a ready position. In the distance, the alarm still SOUNDS, lights FLASH a continued warning.

They reach the maintenance building where the generator is housed. Its familiar hum has been replaced by its own alarms. The closer they approach, the louder and brighter these alarms are. Grey steam pours out of the vents of the building, obscuring everything.

ARNOLD
What's that steam coming out of my generator room?

MULDOON
Relax, it's just refrigerated air. There's a leaky cooling pipe. I fixed it a couple times before but the original installation was at too sharp an angle.

Arnold accepts this. He is about to enter when Muldoon instructs him.

MULDOON
Just go and turn on your generator, then get right back to the control room.

Arnold lights a cigarette and disappears into the steam-shrouded door.

EXT RAPTOR PIT - AFTERNOON

Muldoon inspects an extremely discouraging sight. The thick mesh that covered the pit has been chewed through and ripped open. With heavy gun in one hand, Muldoon shines his flashlight into the pit. It's empty.

Muldoon looks up.

MULDOON'S POV - the dense forest surrounding the Visitor's Center.

Muldoon examines the ground. He locates the raptor prints leading away from the cage. Some feet away, tracks diverge in several directions.

Muldoon breaks into a run.

INT/EXT GENERATOR ROOM - AFTERNOON

Muldoon comes back to the generator room still running full-tilt. He kicks open the door. Steam pours out. Standing in the thick steam, Muldoon yells for Arnold. No answer. He steps in the doorway and shines his flashlight around.

MULDOON'S POV - Only the dark abstract shapes of rakes and coiled ropes and small machinery can be seen in the steam.

Muldoon yells again. No answer at all. Muldoon curses and leaves.

As soon as Muldoon is gone, there is movement. Even above the sirens, an animalistic breathing, grunting can be heard. Obscured by steam and flashing lights, a reptilian claw clutches a shadow. A pack of cigarettes falls to the ground, spilling out on the floor.

INT CONTROL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Muldoon enters and confronts Hammond, Ellie, and Wu.

MULDOON
Raptors chewed their way out. All five are out there.

ELLIE
Arnold's not with you?

Muldoon looks around grimly. He shakes his head.

MULDOON
I was hoping he was back here already.

Hammond takes charge.

HAMMOND
This is why my quarters were specially fortified. To assist in an emergency just like this one. Let's go. Muldoon, round up the workers. They'll go with us too.

Muldoon stares at Hammond, then drops it. They prepare to go.

ELLIE
Wait. What about Arnold?

EXT HILLSIDE, PARK -

Grant and the kids come over the hill. Timmy sees the big fence and the Visitor's Center close behind.

TIMMY
We're home!

Lex and Grant happily run down the hill.

EXT ELECTRIFIED FENCE IN PARK - AFTERNOON

Grant and the kids stand in the long shadows of the electric fence. This huge fence is much higher than what Timmy has had to climb. Grant turns to him apologetically.

GRANT
Sorry, Tim. We gotta climb it.

TIM
That's all right, Dr. Grant. You owe me one.

EXT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Wu stands at the open sliding gate of the perimeter fence surrounding Hammond's quarters.. Next to him is Ellie. Behind both of them, launcher at the ready, is Muldoon. Watching from the window above, Hammond waves. Ellie and Wu wear radio headsets.

MULDOON
Okay Wu, I'll have you covered at every moment. But this shell carries quite a punch, so if you're too close, it'll take a piece of you. Ellie's on the headset with you. If another one comes at you, let her know. Then Ellie - you start jumping and yelling. The buggers are easily distracted. They'll come running and let Wu get that power on. Then both of you, get behind this fence as quick as possible.

Wu and Ellie nod seriously and test radio contact. Wu starts his way across the lawn, Muldoon limps behind with his launcher. Ellie stands ready at the open gate.

Wu takes slow steps. Muldoon follows. Wu is just five feet away from the door to the generator building.

CLOSE ON - Wu's tense face.

THE ATTACK is sudden and fierce. It comes from the brush. The raptor leaps onto Wu in an instant. Wu and the raptor roll on the ground. Wu struggles for his life. Muldoon can't get a safe shot. He SCREAMS:

MULDOON
Wu, get away. Give me room to shoot.

Ellie comes running away from the safety of the gate. She jumps up and down, waving her hands, and SCREAMS:

ELLIE
Hey you cretaceous dromaeosaur, you can't catch me. Hey, come and get me, you flat-snouted Mongolian beast. Hey!

The Raptor is distracted by this. He lets Wu go for a moment, shaking him loose from his bloody jaws. Instantly, Wu rolls away. Muldoon fires the rocket launcher. With a SIZZLE, the missile fires. BOOM! Direct hit! The raptor is blown to tiny pieces.

Muldoon grabs Wu and pulls the injured man to safety.

MULDOON
You ok?

In reply Wu gets to his feet, looks where the Raptor was.

WU
Now, there's four.

Muldoon helps Wu back inside the fence. He waves for Ellie to come in and join them.

Ellie takes off toward the generator building. She YELLS:

ELLIE
I'm going in. Muldoon, cover the door after I go in. Wu, guide me!

Muldoon yells for her to wait but stops when he realizes that this may be their best plan.

Ellie races like a gazelle across the open lawn. She's very fast and graceful. She ducks into the generator building.

Above it all, Hammond watches at the small viewing window.

BACK ON - GRANT AND KIDS AT FENCE

The three are at the top of the fence now. Grant carefully lifts Lex above the barbed wire and she grabs onto the other side of the fence to begin the climb down. Grant grabs Tim and lifts him next. Tim's tense face is a river of sweat.

INT GENERATOR BUILDING -

In the claustrophobic STEAM, FLASHING LIGHT, and WARNING ALARMS, Ellie makes her way along the tight wall. Her headset crackles instructions.

WU (OVER RADIO)
Okay Ellie, you go along the wall until you see a green door.

ELLIE
Damnit Wu, I can't see a thing here.

Steam fills the room.

WU (OVER RADIO)
Well, it's the second door on that wall. There's a set of stairs. Be careful, they're pretty steep.

Ellie's hands find the first door and she continues to the next door. Her hands find this one and she opens it slowly. She starts downstairs.

BACK ON GRANT AND KIDS AT THE FENCE -

They're halfway down. Lex is tired. They stop to rest.

BACK IN GENERATOR BUILDING -

Ellie finishes the stairs and feels her way along the basement wall. Her face is lit by a flashing yellow light. She bangs her head on a pipe. She rubs her head.

ELLIE
Damn, I banged my head.

WU (OVER RADIO)
Oh that's good, that must be the water pipe. You're really close now, there's a cabinet just above your head. Reach up and open it. The handle turns to the left.

Ellie turns the handle. The cabinet opens.

WU (OVER RADIO)
It's a large throw-switch. Pull it down, count to three, and push it back up. That's all there is to it.

Ellie throws it down. She counts:

ELLIE

One -

BACK ON GRANT AND KIDS -

Just a few feet from the bottom of the fence.

BACK ON ELLIE -

ELLIE

Two -

BACK ON GRANT AND KIDS -

Grant and Timmy jump down. Lex is just behind. Her sneaker catches in the fence pattern. She pulls on it.

BACK ON ELLIE -

ELLIE

Three!

She throws the large switch back.

BACK ON LEX -

She jumps off the fence. Her sneaker comes off, falls to the ground..

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON LEX - it celebrates her narrow escape.

Grant casually leans against the fence to help Lex with her shoe. NOTHING! STILL NO ELECTRIC FENCES!

The Visitor's Center is in sight. They all turn to each other. Elated!

LEX

We did it!

TIM

We made it!

Lex jumps up and down. Grant smiles, high-fives Timmy.

BACK ON ELLIE -

The siren and the flashing lights stop. The room lights go on. Ellie turns to go back upstairs. Her foot slips, she falls to the ground. She has slipped on a pool of blood. She jumps up, recoils.

It's Arnold. She squelches a SCREAM, covering her own mouth.

SMASH! Ellie SCREAMS as a raptor lunges at her. He jumps down from above the water pipe Ellie banged her head on.

Ellie turns and races toward a ventilation shaft. She dives into it. The raptor gets there a second late and smashes against the shaft wall.

Ellie pushes herself against the shaft wall and, using her legs to push against the wall, begins to climb up.

The raptor smashes against the shaft again and gets inside. Ellie scrambles up. The raptor snarls and spits but it is momentarily pinned.

Ellie continues her scramble up the shaft. At ground level, she slams her feet hard against a vent, popping it open. Scraping the wall and banging against pipes, she races toward the door.

EXT GENERATOR BUILDING - CONTINUING ACTION

Ellie runs full-tilt toward the fence surrounding Hammond's quarters. Wu, injured, lies within the safety of the fenced area. Muldoon stands with his rocket launcher just outside the fence waiting for Ellie. Ellie screams to him as she speeds across the lawn.

ELLIE

Raptor!

The raptor EXPLODES through the door of the generator building after Ellie.

Muldoon fires at the raptor. Misses. No time to reload.

The raptor gains on Ellie. Muldoon ducks inside the fence's heavy gate. He slides the gate half-shut, waving Ellie on.

Ellie dives inside the safety of the fence, losing her headset as she goes. The gate is almost closed. The raptor lunges.

Muldoon slides shut the heavy gate, bashing the raptor's head with all his might. The raptor shudders, caught in the gate. Stunned, for a second, it doesn't move.

Ellie and Muldoon run to the building. They push open the steel-clad security door and dive inside. Wu limping, chases after them. With a curse, Muldoon pushes the door back open, waves for Wu.

ELLIE AND MULDOON'S POV - Wu runs frantically. The raptor jerks out of the gate, inside of the fence. He races after Wu.

WU

Keep it open! I'm coming!

Wu runs faster. The raptor gains on him. Wu screams, runs spastically. Wu and the raptor are neck-and-neck, equally close to the open door.

ELLIE
Come on, Wu! Come on! Run!

The raptor is inches from Wu. Both are closer and closer to the door.

ELLIE
They're coming inside!

WU
Help!

Wu and the raptor are at the door.

MULDOON
No they're not, Ellie.

Muldoon slams the door shut on Wu and the raptor. Wu's screams are horrific.

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING ACTION

Ellie drops to her knees, her chest heaving, pulls her headset off with a bleeding hand. Muldoon, affected, turns to her.

MULDOON
I couldn't compromise everyone's safety.

Ellie nods, catches her breath.

ELLIE
Why didn't the power go on?

MULDOON
You just reset the power. Now the computer has to be booted.

Muldoon looks out the tiny barred window of the security door.

MULDOON'S POV - There is already almost no sign of Wu. The gate to the perimeter fence slides shut. The raptor looks up. He is trapped within the perimeter fence of Hammond's quarters.

CAMERA SLOWLY TILTS to the viewing window above. Hammond stares down.

INT VISITOR'S CENTER -

Grant and kids walk through the open security doors. All is empty and quiet. They call out but there are no answers.

LEX
Where did everybody go?

Grant thinks.

GRANT
Probably your grandfather's quarters. Let's go.

A DISTANT BELLOW. Grant reconsiders.

GRANT
Actually, stay here.

He corrals the kids into the half completed enclosure of the Gift Shop.

LEX
No, I want to stay with you.

Grant looks around tensely.

GRANT
No, keep an eye on things round here for me. I'll be back with the others.

TIMMY
What about -

Grant looks at Timmy.

GRANT
I'll radio the ship as soon as I find somebody. (beat) You're in charge now. Don't move from here ... unless you have to, ok?

Timmy nods. Lex is happy, sinks to the floor.

LEX
Goody! I'm gonna rest.

She finds a box of wind-up dinosaur toys. She winds one. Sends it walking to Timmy.

TIMMY
Tired! He carried you the whole way.

Grant slips off into the concealing shadows of the skeletal display of the T-rex and raptor in combat. He looks back above his own shoulder into the menacing jaws of the skeletal raptor. He shouts back.

GRANT
Be right back.

INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS -

It's a madhouse in the crowded baronial quarters of Hammond. Gennaro is singing at the top of his lungs while Harding tries to restrain him. Scared Workers huddle together, many are injured. Hammond sits on the floor, in a meditative trance.

Ellie and Muldoon stare out the window.

THEIR POV - The raptor is jumping in the air. With every jump he comes closer to leaping onto the roof of their small building.

Muldoon regards his rocket launcher ruefully.

ELLIE
Why don't you just nail that bastard?

MULDOON
No more ammo. I requisitioned six charges but the bean-counter -
(he thrusts a finger at Hammond)
- cut it down to two.

Ellie looks up to the ceiling. There is a large glass skylight with crisscrossing iron bars casting an ominous shadow in the sun.

EXT THE ANNE B AT SEA - DAY

The ship continues along smooth sunlit seas. Land is in distant sight.

INT STATEROOM -

The cracked egg is nudged open. The cute scaly head of a six-inch baby raptor nuzzles its way out of the shell. It shakes off a few pieces of clinging shell and immediately begins to devour one of the remaining eggs

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - The wind-up dinosaur skitters across the polished floor. It bangs against the the wall again and again.

Timmy looks down at it and smiles at Lex.

LEX
Any candy behind the counter?

TIMMY
Hungry?

LEX
Starved.

Timmy looks behind the counter. He sees boxes of goods. He moves a stack of umbrellas out of his way. Lex gets up and pulls one out.

TIMMY
Nothing.

LEX
Let's go to the kitchen.

She smiles and pops to her feet. Timmy's not sure.

TIMMY
Dr. Grant said -

LEX
- let's go. We'll come right back.

CLOSE ON - Timmy's torn face. He's hungry, too.

He makes the right decision.

TIMMY
Nope. We're waiting here till Dr. Grant gets back. He'll help us get some -

Interrupted by A SOUND. A rhythmic, horrible BREATHING. Now some light and rapid STEPS. And a SNIFFING. It's definitely an animal.

Lex backs off in a hurry. She knocks the umbrella over. It skirts across the floor. It spins and opens by itself. Printed on it is the ferocious face of the Spitter, the sides of its bright poisonous gills spinning to a stop.

The breathing gets closer and closer. The children huddle together in a corner of the gift shop. They SCREAM.

It's A RAPTOR, lean and ferocious. More like a cyborg than a hunter, it studies the kids from just outside the gift shop entrance. His eyes flick back and forth between the two pieces of meat.

Timmy grabs the box of toy dinosaurs. He winds one up and sends it off, across the hall. The raptor glances over at the moving toy. Timmy grabs another, whispers as he winds it.

TIMMY
Start winding now!

Lex and Timmy wind toy after toy, send them across the hall. The raptor leaps, crushing one in its jaws. Others waddle by. The raptor dodges and darts, grabbing this one, smashing that one.

The kids go running out into the hall. They race down the Visitor Center corridor. Timmy pulls Lex behind him toward the restaurant.

LEX
Where are we going?

TIM
The kitchen!

INT/EXT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS -

With a huge leap, the raptor finally makes it to the roof of Hammond's quarters. He jumps lightly onto the skylight. Glass shatters over the assembled guests and workers below. Total commotion and SCREAMS.

The raptor immediately begins to gnaw at the iron bars that block the skylight. Below, they shake off shards of glass and huddle in the corners. Ellie turns to Muldoon.

ELLIE
How long?

MULDOON
Well, they seem to be getting faster all the time. I would say - fifteen minutes.

Ellie notices something out the window. It's Grant approaching the gate. She hammers on the glass.

Grant's hand reaches for the knob.

The raptor stops gnawing, its ears perked up.

Ellie screams and screams.

Grant notices some of Wu's remains inside the gate. He stops and looks up. At the window, Ellie waves her arms, warning him not to enter. Grant stops. He sees Wu's headset on the grass, reaches through the fence, grabs it, puts it on.

Ellie jumps up and gets her headset. She barks into it.

ELLIE
There's a raptor on the roof of this building. Open that gate and you're a dead man.

Grant stares up at Ellie in the window. He waves. She presses her hand to the glass.

GRANT
Ellie, I'm so glad -

ELLIE
Shut up and listen. We have about fifteen minutes here. The computer has to be rebooted. That'll turn on the electric fences. Besides the raptor stuck in here with us, there are four more ...

Grant races back to the Visitor's Center as she continues to fill him in.

INT KITCHEN, VISITOR'S CENTER - CONTINUING ACTION

The kids hurtle through this huge, industrial kitchen. The kitchen is a maze of turns, from the hot lamp pickup area to the rows of stainless steel burners to the chopping blocks to the potwashing area. The kids dart and duck from one area to the next, taking shortcuts under tables, crawling behind counters, scattering pots and pans behind.

Relentlessly, with a casual speed, the raptor stalks them. It avoids their obstacles with a casual grace and when it cannot fit through their shortcuts, it just continues around.

Timmy pulls open the large silvered door of the freezer. Lex starts to hurry inside. Timmy grabs her.

TIMMY
We'll freeze to death in there.

LEX
He's going to eat us!

Timmy reaches into the freezer and grabs a pile of steaks. He tosses on toward the raptor. The raptor gobbles it in one bite. Timmy shoves Lex out of the way and begins to toss the steaks on the floor. One after th other, he tosses them, in a row, closer and closer to the open freezer.

The raptor mechanically gobbles the steaks, following their path. He continues right into the freezer to grab the last of Tim's bait.

Tim leaps and slams the heavy freezer door shut. Lex comes running and throws her small weight alongside of Timmy's.

TIMMY
PUSH!

The heave and the lock catches on the door. From inside, there is a strangled CRY and the door is slammed repeatedly. The metal panels of the door buckle but they do not break. The door hinges bend and curve but they do not give.

The kids collapse in relief on the kitchen floor. In just a moment, Timmy is back on his feet.

LEX
What is it, Timmy?

TIMMY
I just remembered something. Raptors are born in large litters. There's probably more coming. We gotta hide.

He grabs her hand and they run out of the back entrance of the kitchen. There's a stairway and they race up.

INT GIFT SHOP -

Grant, wearing his headset, calls for the kids and looks around the gift shop with concern. He sniffs the air and examines the crushed windup toys. He sees some animal scales on the floor. He hears a NOISE above and begins to run.

INT UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY, VISITOR'S CENTER -

The kids hear this NOISE too and it's closer to them. They bust into -

INT AMBER ROOM, LABORATORY -

The kids knock over trays of stones as they rush through this room.

INT EXTRACTION ROOM, LABORATORY -

Automated drills whir as Tim and Lex crash through, knocking equipment to the ground. The drills still whir on the ground.

INT GENETICS ROOM -

The Hamachi-Hood sequencers explode in a heap of punch cards and magnetic tape as the kids race by.

INT INCUBATION ROOM, LABORATORY -

The kids slide into this room. They race to its far corner, past incubators and display cases of chemicals. They look back and see -

KID'S POV - A raptor happily gorging itself on a table of eggs. He's been in this room, their place of refuge, the whole time.

CLOSE ON - The raptor's glistening eyes, register the children.

He begins to stalk. The kids SCREAM. This time there is nowhere to go.

The raptor closes in on the kids. Timmy feebly stands in front of his younger sister.

CLOSE ON - The raptor licks its lips, lizard-like.

At the other end of the room, GRANT ENTERS quietly. He surveys the situation. Quickly, he grabs an egg off a table. He reaches into one of the chemical cabinets with POISON WARNINGS prominently displayed. He comes out with a syringe and a vial.

The raptor is almost on the kids. Grant coughs conspicuously. The raptor whirls, studies Grant. He looks back at the children.

Grant speaks into the headset.

GRANT (TO RADIO)
Talk, Ellie, just keep talking.

He tosses the headset on the ground. Ellie's voice crackles out. The raptor studies it, transfixed.

Grant injects the egg, then gently rolls it on the ground. The raptor forgets the headset. He comes forward and sniffs the egg, then sucks it up, swallowing it whole.

The raptor turns back to the kids. He takes two steps toward them, tenses to pounce - and keels over. DEAD.

The kids race around the dead raptor to Grant. Grant grabs his headset as the three run out of the room. Grant addresses Timmy as they run.

GRANT
Timmy, you know anything about computers?

TIMMY
Well, I just got an XT at home. I told my Dad I wanted a 386.

GRANT
Ok good, you're elected.

INT CONTROL ROOM -

Grant and Tim and Lex study the quiet room. Grant speaks calmly into his headset.

GRANT (TO RADIO)
Okay, we've reached the computer room. Who can tell Timmy how to reboot?

ELLIE (O'ER RADIO)
Ah, Alan, nobody here knows how to boot the computer. Please hurry, we've only got a couple minutes left.

GRANT
Tim, you got to boot the system. They reset the power and there are no phones. We gotta turn on the fences and we gotta stop that ship.

LEX
Are they going to be OK?

GRANT
If we can get help very soon.

TIMMY
Sshh, you guys, I'm thinking.

He studies a grid on a large console. He reaches out and touches a part of the screen. There is a beep and a warning sign - INVALID ARGUMENT. PLEASE TRY AGAIN.

BACK ON HAMMOND'S QUARTERS -

The raptor has chewed almost all the way through the bars. Panic below. In the middle of it all, Ellie is focussed, listening on her headset.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

Timmy tries something else. BEEP. Lex raises a hand. Grant stops her.

GRANT (TO RADIO)
Ellie, we're working as fast as we can here.

Timmy tries a screen section. BEEP. Again. BEEP. Again. BEEP. BEEP.

Timmy shakes his head. In desperation he stabs at the keyboard below the touch screen. He punches the ESCAPE button.

The screen lights up a new message - SYSTEM RESET COMPLETED. ALL SYSTEMS NORMAL.

BACK ON HAMMOND'S QUARTERS -

The raptor has just chewed through. He squeezes his body into the space as the bars ELECTRIFY. Spastically, the raptor jerks back and forth as the current flows through him. He can't get out.

Finally, with a WHIMPER, he stops struggling and slides through the space he created. With a THUMP, he drops to the floor below.

Ellie, Muldoon, Hammond and the workers look on in shock.

BACK ON CONTROL ROOM -

Grant cheers and hugs Timmy. Lex whoops.

ELLIE (ON RADIO)
Ok, we're all right here for now. Thanks.

GRANT (TO RADIO)
Don't mention it. It was Timmy.

ELLIE (ON RADIO)
But there's still one more raptor. So be careful.

Timmy is pushing menus and submenus on the touchscreen now. COMMUNICATIONS - RADIO - VEHICULAR ... He gets the one he wants.

He indicates the radio-mike to Grant.

TIM
I think this is the boat. They called it the Queen Anne or something.

Grant grabs the mike.

GRANT
Queen Anne, do you read me? Queen Anne?

The radio crackles to life.

RADIO
This is the Queen Anne B? I copy. What's up?

GRANT
Report your position!

RADIO
Ah, we're just about to dock here in Puntaremas. Who wants to know? Please identify yourself.

Tim punches the screen which displays FARRELL, FREDERICK D. (CAPT.) Grant reads it and nods. His voice is tough as nails.

GRANT
Try this for identification, Captain Farrell. You are in possession of stolen biological materials. If you don't turn that boat around and return to Isla Nublar immediately with your contraband cargo, you will be found in violation of Section 509 of the Uniform Maritime Act, you will be subject to revocation of license, penalties in excess of fifty thousand dollars, and five years in jail. Do you copy?

SILENCE.

GRANT
Do you copy, Captain Farrell?

RADIO
I copy. All ahead stern.

A blinking light on a map indicates that the ship is pulling away from the harbor. Grant nods to Timmy who terminates the radio contact.

TIMMY
What's the Uniform Maritime Code?

GRANT
Who the hell knows?

Grant and Timmy start to celebrate again when Lex interrupts.

LEX
What good does that do? To have the ship turn around?

Grant turns to her seriously.

GRANT
Well it gives us ten more hours.
(to Timmy)
Let's see if we can raise the Costa Rican Coast Guard on that thing.

The last raptor smashes into the control room through Hammond's viewing window. Glass goes flying. Grant and kids go running into the hallway.

INT ROTUNDA -

With the raptor in hot pursuit, the kids and Grant come flying. Tim and Lex jump over the railing, leaping onto the skeletal display. Grant goes for the stairs, jumping down them three at a time.

The raptor goes after the kids, scrambling over the balcony onto the display. The kids scamper down the display, knocking paint cans and tools off the scaffolding as they go. The raptor is just one beat behind, and his snarling face is splashed with red paint as he chases.

The kids burrow into the rib cage of the Rex. They break off floating ribs and hurl them back at the raptor. The raptor is undeterred, closing the gap on the kids.

The kids are stuck at the end of the rib cage - it's closed off by the skeleton and they can't break through. They're imprisoned. The raptor is pushing through the rib cage, bones crackling as it goes.

Grant leaps up the scaffolding, grabs a beam, swings his weight onto it, and slams it into the T-Rex's neck. The neck shatters and the massive head of the T-Rex drops free.

It falls directly onto the last raptor, squashing him flat. Dead.

GRANT
(grimly)
And then there were none.

EXT HELICOPTER PAD - DUSK

Muldoon leads his workers onto an army helicopter. Two workers carry Gennaro on a stretcher. Ellie boards with the kids on each side of her, holding her hands.

Grant and Hammond walk together, toward the helicopter.

HAMMOND
Dr. Grant, don't abandon this beautiful place. I need a man just like you to help me get my park back on its feet again. And it will be on its feet again.

GRANT
We have to leave now.

Hammond stops.

HAMMOND
Oh you don't know. There are wonderful plans in the works, sites already purchased for Euro-Jurassic and Jurassic Japan.

Grant is unimpressed. He holds a hand out to Hammond. Hammond tries a new approach.

HAMMOND
Don't you see I've exalted human potential here? You must see it. You must feel it. I called back a life form. Listen, Dr. Grant, don't go. Be a part of this. I'm inviting you to do just that - let the others go, if they want.

GRANT
You interrupted natural law. There are regulations, rules that nature follows that make her knowable.

HAMMOND
You mean there are rules that nature follows that create barriers to our knowledge.

GRANT
Barriers? Like the seasons? The earth spinning, orbiting the sun? The entire solar system in interlocking motion. Our own beings in biological step with it all. Mr. Hammond, you've disrupted the pattern and look what it's done!

HAMMOND
I know what it's done. I've made triceratops and gallimimus and a T-Rex. I've got a batch of iguanadons being born on Tuesday. What do you say to that?

GRANT
Don't count on it. Now get in.

Grant jumps in the copter, holds out a hand to Hammond.

GRANT
You created mutant forms that you further mutated to create amusement attractions. You made biological puppets with heartbeats and an early death sentence.

HAMMOND
I created genetic miracles!

GRANT
You created a park to generate a profit-making merchandising operation.

HAMMOND
The merchandise is just a by-product. Souvenirs for people to reflect on the wonder. You fainted when you saw the brachiosaur. Alan, look, let's not argue. The problem is that my employees were not up to par with my dream. They failed me. The park, I promise you, is safe. It really is.

Grant grabs Hammond's arm, starts to tug.

GRANT
Your park is doomed. Now come with me.

HAMMOND
It is not! It's blooming! In the throes of labor! You are one more more negative voice in a universe of negativity. You'll amount to nothing. You'll be a bone-brusher all your life. I pity you.

Hammond pulls his arm away and strides away from the helicopter just as the ROTORS START UP. Hammond's suit whips in the wind. Grant calls to him, reaching out his arm.

GRANT
Come back, Mr. Hammond! It's over!

Hammond keeps walking. He disappears over a grassy knoll.

Grant's outstretched hand drops to his side when THE ATTACK comes.

With a huge bellow, the T-Rex comes charging at the helicopter. THE PILOT screams for all to board as he starts to lift off.

The Rex bites onto the copter skid as the copter tries to escape. The copter angles dangerously as the Rex holds on.

Ellie fires a fire-extinguisher into the furious face of the Rex and its jaws relax. The copter escapes and starts to climb high into the sky. The Rex paws after it, then drops down to four legs and gives the copter a final swipe with its tail.

The tail SWISHES through the air and CRACKS against the plexiglass windshield which fissures and pops. The pilot struggles to maintain altitude and manages to keep the craft in the air.

With a ROAR of its own, the copter breaks into the blue sky and soars away, leaving an angry T-Rex alone. Unnoticed by the frustrated Rex, Hammond slips away and walks into the jungle.

IN THE COPTER -

SLOWLY PAN the exhausted faces of Muldoon and his workers, Lex and Timmy holding onto each other, and Grant huddled next to Ellie. He reaches out and puts an arm around her shoulder. She reaches up and pulls his arm close.

ELLIE
They're so beautiful. They're condemned, aren't they? Even those embryo fragments had the same viral contamination.

GRANT
I have a theory.

Ellie looks up in surprise. She gives him a big smile.

ELLIE
You have a theory?

Grant smiles back at her.

GRANT
I think that they could never completely isolate the dinosaur DNA. There was always some microscopic mosquito contamination. But at the molecular level, that was enough. Every dinosaur received the same genetic message, the encoding that every mosquito gets to terminate life after a season.

ELLIE
So the very process itself was flawed.

She's sad. Grant hugs her. Over her shoulder he gives a parting glance to the island. A green jewel in a blue sea. Suddenly it is obliterated by clouds.

CAMERA PANS AWAY AND SWOOPS DOWN from the copter. IT CROSSES the sky. THE CAMERA DESCENDS to Isla Nublar, slowly reveling in its natural beauty and finally coming to earth in the midst of the verdant jungle.

IN THE JUNGLE - MAGIC HOUR

Hammond slowly climbs a steep hill covered with creeping growth. He almost reaches the top when he slips. He falls to the soft ground and rolls. He tumbles helplessly, rolling and spinning down the sharp drop, finally coming to a complete stop in a shallow pool of water. Face down, his head splashes into the puddle. No movement. Just the sound of labored breath.

CAMERA PANS to Hammond's hand, half-submerged in water. CAMERA MOVES INTO EXTREME CLOSEUP as a mosquito lands on his hand.

RACK OUT AND DISSOLVE TO:

EXT OCEAN - NIGHT

The army copter circles lower and lower as it finds the Queen Anne B, slowly drifting across the moonlit water.

FADE OUT.